THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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OUR HOUSEHOLD NEST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What tender melody was ours!
Three nestlings in the household nest;
I never knew which sang the best!

They used to sing such tender lays,—
I sometimes think I hear them yet,
But then—I never shall forget!

One morning from our household nest,
We missed the echo of a voice
That always made our hearts rejoice.

We called the lost one far and near,
But nothing answered to our call;
A stillness lingered over all.

She never sought our nest again;
Perhaps, in prison barred with gold,
She sings the songs she sang of old;

But ah! I doubt! She could not sing
Those old sweet songs when barred about
With wires that shut her freedom out!

Maybe sometimes she thinks them o'er,
And sings them sadly, low and sweet.
Her wings must 'gainst her prison beat!

One died within the household nest;
We watched it slowly pine away,
And missed its song one summer day.

One birdling in the nest remains;
In the sweet songs it loves to sing,
I hear the old sweet echoes ring.

And when its silver voice I hear,
I pause to weep, and mutely pray
That *this* sweet bird may with me stay.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE

DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

BARBARA'S PILGRIMAGE.

Down towards Wynhope Barbara journeyed after leaving The Poplars behind her, but when she came to the town itself she stopped, and being dressed in faded mourning, went out a country road to where a large brown building stood, at the great gate of which she stopped and knocked for admittance. A woman in the dress of an order opened it and bade her come in. She wore a little close fitting bonnet of black bombazine upon her head, and had a large key always in her hand. She was the portress of the institution, which was the residence of the nuns of the Presentation, and had a school attached for the education of young people.

"Sister Mary Baptist, is it not?" asked Barbara.

"Yes," answered the portress in a pleasant voice, without raising her eyes, or seeming either surprised or curious as to the visit.

"I come from Jean, the basket woman, who is an old friend of mine, and she told me to bring you a message. I am alone, and would like to stay over night here if I might."

"Jean is a good creature," said Sister Mary Baptist. "I will go and speak to the reverend mother, she will tell you about staying; follow me in."

So Barbara followed the nun over the bare and spotless floors of the wide, long hall, to where the reverend mother sat in a little inner parlor. She was a pale, sweet-faced lady, with a lovely smile and a tender, musical voice.

"You are a friend of Jean's," she said, listening to the portress's introduction, "and you're welcome to stay. We have a part of our house set aside to accommodate strangers, and Jean has never sent us one before. Is she well?"

"Yes, mother, and desires her duty and your prayers. I am very thankful to you for the shelter, and will bring back my little bundle from the station where I left it."

So Sister Mary Baptist led her below stairs, where, in a great cleanly room next the kitchen, there were a half-dozen Irish girls sewing at plain calico dresses for children, and told her that in two hours supper would be ready, so that she might return in time for that meal.

Barbara looked covertly but searchingly about her on all sides, and then she took her way back to the station, as she said, but having once turned the corner of the road and entered on the streets of the city, she made straight for the banks of the Clementina, forgetting her intention of securing her bundle.

It was a lovely day in spring time, and the capricious stream danced or glided over the rocks, or among the willows, in rare beauty, looking as young and buoyant as if just escaping from the mountain springs.

Barbara stood upon the bridge and looked forward to where the moss-grown rocks piled high above in grotesque grandeur, formed a sort of cavern filled with decaying leaves; on the other side the path was bordered by delicate spring grasses, and the first of the tiny wild flowers were springing through the green. Far in the woodland, beyond the fringing willows, rose the great elms and sycamores, the oaks and poplars. Through the trees a narrow pathway led to the cemetery that, shrouded from the view by the thick foliage, was yet so near the stream as to be in sound of the dash and gurgle of its tiny waves as they fell over and circled round the rocks.

Barbara knew the spot well, and wound her way among the shrubbery and flowers over to a little mound under a pine tree, far away from the sight of careless passers-by, hidden by the tall monuments that clustered round. There was neither slab nor stone of any kind, only the covering of young grass, and a border of pretty shells and shining white pebbles.

Here she sat down, and leaning her arms upon the small grave, bowed her face upon it.

And she tried to think. She had left The Poplars and come so far that she might regain the calmness and self-control Jean's hints and her own discovery had deprived her of. She had lived secure in her own quiet, and grown to believe her strength impregnable, but she had found the past was silent and unbetraying only because it was unruffled by remembrance. She had fought her fight with her own heart, and called herself a conqueror, burying the dead of the battle low under the weighty mound of bitterness and hate which she reared as a monument above them.

In the conflict, faith, love, and human sympathy had fallen, and she forgot them, living in emotionless peace, a numb and painless existence. For Miss Bessard, her mistress and benefactress, she felt an odd interest, that was neither gratitude nor tenderness, but rather curiosity, the only feeling that she cared to cherish now as having no painful allegiance to the past.

Jean came and went, and she opened her sepulchre of a heart so far as to question her of her blighted home in Wynhope, and scarcely daring to listen to the answers that stirred the mouldering skeletons of memory to life again, put all her earnings and savings into service to smooth the rough furrows her evil fate had ploughed.

Through Jean's agency she made the old man's childishness a balm for her own remorse, and fed his idle fancies to still her conscience sting. For herself, though she had gone to Wynhope twice before, she never had the courage to look upon the home her flight had rendered desolate, and her journey had ended at the little grave, beside which she now sat thinking wearily.

When she had sat there before, her very life had seemed to expend itself in wild and boundless grief and love; she had kissed the earth and clung to it, and poured her soul of tenderness and sorrow on the unconscious sod. But now she was quiet and cold, and resting her head upon her hands, she looked with troubled eyes out into the quiet evening air.

"It must come to me here," she thought; "if what I am driven to believe be true, the knowledge will come to me here."

Something of the tender beauty of the closing day seemed to touch her with a thrill of memory, and her pale face softened into a different expression from her usual hardness. She sighed sadly, and then said in a half whisper to herself,

"How much has been wasted; youth and hope and innocence went together; remorse and agony followed—then came blank despair, born of hatred and revenge. It was a bitter mass of experience, but I buried it all here, and began to live my frozen life in peace. Jean, and the clue she gave me, has scattered it like shivered glass, and I cannot gather the fragments again into a shield for my scarred heart. I must dig up the whole story and find in what this woman has deceived me, for she is not true. I feel and know she is not true."

The conviction seemed to grow stronger as she nursed it, and she listened to the promptings of her own keenness and suspicions as if they were a voice from the grave.

"Jean found me first and pitied me for a reason that I cannot fathom, since she has shown feeling for no one else. She befriended me. I was helpless, and could only tell her my story in gratitude for her kindness, and be guided by her since I was powerless myself. When she took my child it was to save it I gave it up. I had to work that we might live, and she deceived me first by writing of its welfare long after it was dead—that I discovered despite all her cunning tales, and I have no guide to the truth of any act of hers except this little grave. I have thrown myself in trust upon the guidance of fate, and so far have been led aright. The nun's name, Sister Ursula, and a scrap of Jean's writing, addressed to the reverend mother of the Presentation, have brought me here and will show me the way farther."

The two hours that were to pass between her departure and the evening meal at the convent were gone, and yet Barbara sat communing with her doubts and fancies in the Clementina burial ground. She had forgotten time, and lived only in the place; the ghosts of her bygone life there began to rise in the gathering darkness and flock around her. They soon grew too painfully real to be endured, and she sprang up, and drawing her shawl close over her shoulders, turned to go, but she neither kissed the earth, nor embraced it as she had done in other times, and went away without casting one look backwards.

"It will soon be made plain. I must go right on in the way I am led," she said to herself, and hurried back by the road she had come.

Sister Mary Baptist chided her for her delay, and not having thought of an excuse for it, she stammered confusedly that she could not find the streets and was lost in the strange place.

"That is odd," said the sister, "for Wynhope is a small place, and the streets run straight."

"It is an easy thing for me to feel astray," said Barbara; "I'm absent-like, and don't take heed of places as I should do."

Going below, she found the girls still sewing around the light in the great room where the supper had been served.

She sat down among them, and receiving a kindly welcome, returned it in like spirit. One of them rose and went to bring her some food.

"I'll sew at this while you give me a little tea," said Barbara, taking up the little dress she had laid down. "I am a quick needlewoman, and can help you easily."

"You are very kind," said the girl, whose name, as she told her, was Jane Brady. "The reverend mother wants the orphans to have decent dresses for Sunday. It's the month of May, you know, and the children are to sing in Chapel."

Barbara recognized the speaker as a child who had been a neighbor in her girlhood; the name, and what she remembered of her appearance, convinced her that she had lived in Wynhope, and could tell her all she wished to know.

Sister Mary Baptist, the porteress, as soon as she had seen Barbara comfortably cared for, retired to her post; and the girls who were working very industriously, tried to relieve their labor by pleasant converse.

"Are you from New York?" one of them asked Barbara.

"Yes," she answered. "I left Jean there yesterday."

"Does Jean mean to come back to Wynhope this summer?" said Jane Brady. "She likes to rove so well, that we never know when we'll see her again when we say good-bye."

"Oh, yes, she'll be with you before long." Barbara looked at them keenly, as she added—"I think she likes the place, or she would not be here so often."

"Well," said Jane, "she used to be very fond of Wynhope—but that was long ago. "She never has cared for it since she took the child away. Sister Mary Baptist said so, only yesterday."

Barbara swallowed her tea hastily.

"Yes, yes," she said, "that would be only natural; and you think she really don't care for the place since the—the child left?"

"Oh, I don't say for certain, mind ye; but I only think it myself. She never cared to talk to the child or see it, but she came often while it was here, and Sister Ursula was living. She had the care of her, you know."

"Of course," said Barbara; "let me see—it's six—eight—ten; dear me, what a miserable counter I am. How many years is it since Ursula died?"

"Not quite ten, I think; I'm not here all the time, for sometimes I get a place, and am gone for months; but I count it something like nine and a half since Mary, the little mate of Jean's girl, died; and Sister Ursula lived months after that."

"Yes, yes, I remember: and the poor child that died, where did they bury her, now?"

"Not in consecrated ground; she was only a boarder here; and her mother was a Protestant, living away in New York. I think it was over in the burying ground by the creek bank, but I'll not be sure."

"Was she ailing long? Jean told me all about it; but when a body don't have a good memory, these things are like dreams; did she suffer long, poor thing?"

"She was a cripple, you know; and never well one whole day at a time with that dreadful spine complaint; it turned to consumption at last."

Barbara was seized with a fit of coughing, and recovered from it with a strangely convulsed face, and a voice that was quite hoarse.

"Where did Jean take her child from here? Was it for New York they started, or did they get there by chance, when I saw them?"

"Take a cup of hot tea for your throat, you've caught cold in the cool spring air. She took her to the boarding-school her new-found relation wanted her sent to; away at Rochester, it was, the reverend mother said. Oh, take a good warm drink, do. You ought to have had a thick shawl round you, while the air is so sharp and cool."

Barbara recovered her breath, and said that she was all right now, that she swallowed her tea the wrong way and choked. Then she recurred to the subject of the children mentioned by the confiding Jane, whose histories seemed to contain a wonderful interest to her, as she listened with curious eagerness and caught at every word.

As she said she was a remarkably quick needle-woman, and her fingers easily shaped the work that Jane was accomplishing rather awkwardly.

"Oh, I wish I could sew as you do; and you cut out so well too." Jane made no effort to resume the work Barbara had taken up, but looking at it approvingly, took some more calico and began to measure it by some paper patterns.

"I'll be glad to help you; I'm a dressmaker by trade, and can cut out more savingly than you. Let me take that and show you how to get the waists out of these pieces."

Very readily Jane Brady gave place to the handy new-comer. She was an ardent devotee to her religion, and to serve its interests in any way was the great ambition of her life. She was an orphan with but few connections, and the Convent and its prosperity were dear to her heart. She lived there when out of a situation, and gave its duties and occupations her most ardent support; but being rather enthusiastic than skillful, she made weary work of the orphans' clothing; and as almost all the group around were house-servants like herself, the good-will with which they labored was better than their execution.

Barbara was a windfall to them; no one could better shape and put together such garments than she, and her efforts exalted her high in their good opinion. She was soon thoroughly at home with them; and as Jane was naturally a most open-hearted and confiding creature, she lost no time in possessing herself of all she knew on the subject of Jean and Sister Ursula.

They were cousins, or maybe sisters, by blood, Jane opined; and through the intimacy existing between them, Jean was coming and going constantly. Sister Ursula was second reverend mother, and bought all the supplies, and managed all outlays in the Convent. Jane did not remember when the first child came, but she thought it must have been when she was very young. Mary, the little cripple, was sent there afterwards, from some doctor's place, who could do nothing to cure her. Norah was what they called the pretty one; and Sister Ursula seemed to grow quite fond of her; though the child herself was not one to show much love to any one. When Mary died, she took on wonderfully for her, and was worse when Sister Ursula followed; but Jean took her, or rather sent her away after that; and so they never heard whether she got over her grief easily or not.

All this Barbara managed to draw out of the kindly woman she had won over by her service, and now she asked directly,

"Did you know who paid for the little girl? Norah, I mean?"

"No, how could we—it was a rich lady, and she let Jean attend to it all, I suppose. She never came here, that I heard of. But why do you ask? did you know her? You say Jean told you all about it, and she never said a word to me. I was always backwards and forwards, and picked up what I know from noticing."

"Yes, yes, to be sure—it makes work light and beguiles time to talk, and I seem to sew faster as I listen. Jean came to the poor crippled child's funeral?"

"Yes, I was staying with Sister Ursula then, she was breaking up, and her cough was heavy, so I stayed the whole winter, nursing her like. Jean came and brought the money to bury the poor little creature. Though now I think of it, she didn't stay here, but lodged at a friend's, she said, and only came at odd times, when Norah, her own child, as we used to call the other one, was out of the school room. She didn't want to see her, much as she seemed to like her. It was about a year after that that she sent her away."

Barbara rose up.

"I can't sew by lamp-light so well as I can in the day time. I'll be up betimes and finish this all for you," she said.

And she kept good her word, for she stayed with them till it was all accomplished and worked faithfully, quite winning the good graces of the poor sisters by her devoted industry. As for Jane Brady, she could not commend her too highly, though she afterwards acknowledged to her fellow workers that it seemed queer the way she stuck to Jean and her charge, and the sharp way she had of listening was strange, too; "she sort of snapped up your words, as you may say; she was so eager to hear it all."

CHAPTER XIV.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

The housekeeper's journey did not end with the nuns at Wynhope. She tramped off here and there, searching out odd places and asking questions, until by-and-by she reached Rochester and came to the school from which Miss Leonore Raye had departed to take her place as one of Miss Bessard's legatees. There she seemed satisfied with a word or two gained through insinuating herself into the confidence of an elderly servant. This was the answer to a question concerning the little heiress herself.

When did she come and who had brought her there? The woman remembered perfectly; she had arrived alone about eleven years before the time she left, and no one but the principal had ever held any correspondence with her connections or knew their names or address.

After a while Barbara turned her face home with the air of one at rest, who has accomplished all and more than she hoped to gain. She had only fulfilled her time of leave, a fortnight, but her face wore years of peaceful calm that had a faint dash of satisfaction or even triumph in its composure. Her nervous tremors were all gone, and although she was scarcely the marble faced woman of Miss Bessard's day, she was quite as self-controlled, without the dead cold look that had belonged to that time.

She was set down at the lodge gate and passed briskly up the walk to the great portico, where Miss Olivia stood at her lover's side in the sweet spring weather, looking out upon the verdant lawn. Barbara stopped and courtesied respectfully, waiting for Miss Copeland to speak.

"You are back already, Barbara," said the young lady, smiling kindly. "I hope you did not make too great haste to attend to your errand thoroughly."

"Oh no, Miss, I thank you, I'm well, entirely well, and shall be ready to take my place and make amends for the trouble you've had, meeting so much care alone."

"I'm glad to hear it, and see you well again."

She went on.

On the slope that swept down from the left wing towards the gardens below, stood Miss Leonore, with a gentleman at her side. She wore a broad garden hat, in the side of which he was fastening a sprig of myrtle. His arm was raised above her, and she stood close to his shoulder, waiting with coquettish grace till the adornment should be complete.

Barbara stood still and listened; he was speaking in a whisper, and his words made the young girl's cheek glow and her eyes sparkle, but yet she drew away and dropped the flowers upon the grass.

He stooped to pick them up, but she turned away. "I do not care to wear them," she said. "I, who love no one, should not bear the badge of love."

Barbara seemed to recover herself at the words, and passed on. Leonore saw her and called out gayly—

"Ah, Barbara, are you come back? Well, I've missed you more than I thought I should miss any one so quiet as you are."

"I'm very happy, Miss, to think you spare me a thought; it is more than I dared to expect." And, in truth, the tone of her voice bespoke a pleased tenderness, somewhat out of proportion with the subject that awoke it.

The gentleman did not look up, nor seem to notice her at all, and she turned quickly when she had done speaking, and hastened to enter the house by the lower hall.

Her coming was welcome to them all in the servants' department, for Barbara was a valuable aid, and Miss Copeland, well as she managed things, had found her absence develope many short comings and much carelessness on the part of the subordinates, and some slight severity and reprimand was the consequence.

"Miss C's been a fretting dreadful," said Mollie, "and Margary says we've had more trouble since you've been gone than in all the years she's been living at The Poplars."

"That's so," said Margary. "There's been nothing but dining and lunching and gay doings. Miss C's kept busy entertaining, for the young ladies won't see no one, unless Miss Leonore does, and everybody knows how notional she is."

"Well, well," said Barbara, cheerily, "it's all over. I've had my holiday, and now I've come back to work. Margary, I'm obliged to you for the trouble you've had to take on my account; and, Mollie, I'll have Miss Copeland get little Etty Brown from the village and train her to help you, so as to make your duty lighter. She promised she would do so when I went away."

So Barbara entered again on her duties with spirit and cheerfulness, and all agreed that the New York doctor had made a perfect cure of her bad spells, as they termed her former attacks of nervous excitement.

She found that Miss Raye had made her

self a greater recluse than ever, denying herself to all society except that of the new tenant of Stapleton, who had a way of overtaking her in her morning walks, or suddenly appearing before her when she went out for a run on the lawn. She did not seem to resent these interruptions of her solitude, but on the contrary rather cultivated an odd sort of friendship with her namesake, which Miss Copeland's sense of propriety led her to disapprove.

In this objection Olivia was joined by her lover, who expressed himself warmly on the absurdity of his friend's behavior, and actually grew unfriendly to him in consequence.

"It's the most impolitic thing for a man already suspected of want of principle in that direction," he said angrily one day, after catching a glimpse of Mr. Raye bowing before Leonore, from the parlor window where he sat by Olivia. "I shall interfere, for she is a mere child, all trusting innocence."

Olivia's face flushed and her voice shook as she asked, "Is it of Mr. Raye you speak?"

"Of course, he's insulting your hospitality and my endurance by such visits as these, and such pertinacity is not to be borne."

"You do not consider him an honorable gentleman, then?"

"He has not a proper respect for women; he should not be received with the guileless freedom that child uses."

"Yet you introduced him to us, Louis, as your friend."

Olivia looked at him steadily and reproachfully.

He stammered in reply—

"He's a very good fellow—that is, he's well enough in his way, and I'm indebted to him for a good deal of attention, he being an old voyager and I a novice while abroad, but he's acting now like a confounded fool or a confounded villain. Forgive me, Olivia, but when I see him bringing all his pernicious arts to bear on that little fairy I really cannot control myself."

Olivia's changing face showed a perfect war of emotion, but her voice was quiet and calm as she said:

"I am not well enough versed in the ways of the world to know why such a person should be tolerated in any society, but I do not need such knowledge to teach me that there can be no excuse for your introducing him to me, your pledged wife."

Her lover stammered more than ever, and his color glowed bright with annoyance and mortification.

"I suppose I have gone too far in condemning Raye," he said; "he is thoughtless as a boy, and pleased with every new face. Leonore is something bewitching, and it is her pretty wiles, no doubt, that enchant him. As for presenting him to you, Olivia, your dignity and position make you beyond his approach."

Although he tried to modify his first expressions against his gay friend, Louis watched him closely as he drew the basket of buds and grasses she carried, from Leonore's hand, and walking beside her, seemed lost in contemplation of her upturned face.

They passed out of sight in turning the turret wing of the house, and seemed to go downwards to the garden at the back in search of other flowers.

Olivia fixed her eyes on some pretty work she held, and closed her lips on the subject, but her companion could not so easily control his interest; he rose and went to a window at the other end of the room, and looking down the terrace, watched them enter the garden and linger over the early flowers.

Presently he came back to her side and asked quickly,

"Olivia, can you tell me why that woman, Barbara, I think you call her, is always hovering round Leonore? It is the most mysterious thing in the world, and I have noticed it every time I have seen those two walk together. You must have marked it too, what can it mean?"

"I cannot tell; perhaps, if it is so at all, it is owing to a strange fancy; Barbara is full of strange fancies, or it may be chance. I could not pretend to account for the whims of my household."

But although Olivia spoke easily, it was evident that she was pained and displeased by the incident, and Mr. Wallace, instead of trying to explain and drive the cloude away, went back to his post of espial with keen interest, and set himself to watch the further movements of Mr. Raye and Leonore as if Miss Copeland were not in existence.

Having finished his wanderings, or rather being quietly deserted by his pretty companion after she had filled her basket with flowers, Mr. Raye came into the parlor to make his compliments to Miss Copeland. Mr. Wallace was going as he entered.

"I have a call to make, and a message to deliver at the 'Glen,'" he said, "shall I tell Mrs. Darwood to expect you to-morrow?" He turned to Olivia, and receiving her answer, bowed and went away, with barely a nod to Mr. Raye.

That gentleman seemed perfectly unconscious of the coldness. He had been admiring the grounds, he said, and was so fortunate as to meet that enchanting little hermitess, Miss Raye. What a lovely little being, and how peculiar in temperament. Miss Copeland must find her a study, he was sure.

Miss Copeland had but little to say in reply. She was glad that he thought the grounds pretty. They had been laid out by her aunt's taste, and were certainly very fine. Miss Raye she declined discussing, and did not even mention her name. In no wise alarmed by the omission, he went on with easy confidence.

"Yes, certainly, every one must admit that; but do I understand you to say your lovely little friend, Miss Raye, was always so averse to society? It is interestingly odd in one so young and brilliant, and I think unaccountable too."

He looked at her with a pleasant smile on his face that insisted on a reply.

She was not worldly wise enough to hide all her feelings—she was convinced that this man's mind and heart were evil, and she could not prevent the conviction from impressing her face and manner.

"Miss Raye was a stranger to my sisters and me until we met here," she said. "I do not pretend to understand her character or depending entirely, but I feel so much interested in her that her welfare and—and—" She paused at the word reputation, and feeling that she had no right to go so far, looked down and bit her lip under the keen glance of her wary visitor.

"Excuse me," he said, prompting her as she paused. "You said her welfare and—"

"I mean I am too deeply alive to her happiness to watch her danger unmoved," said Olivia, with sudden courage. "Mr. Raye, why do you not bring your wife to The Poplars? You will excuse me, as the oldest of the household, if I say that I beg you will bring Mrs. Raye with you."

Her face was burning crimson with the effort she made to say so much, but his was perfectly unruffled as he replied smilingly:

"She shall come by all means; she is affected with a spasm of ceremony which you ladies fall periodical victims to. She knows you have been very polite in brightening our Stapleton cottage with your presence, but she considers herself sadly slighted by the other young ladies."

So he went on to talk about his wife's little formalities, and utterly ignored the tone of Miss Copeland's words to mean reproof or warning.

That evening the ladies met at tea without company. Miss Raye was particularly gay, and as generally happened under such circumstances, Olivia was grave and dejected. The twin sisters reflected their friend's humor and made the time fly with merry outbreaks of laughter.

Bertha noticed her elder sister's silence and depression, and rallied her on it.

"Get married, Olivia, pray get married as soon as you can," she cried. "I believe it is a wretched thing to be in love, at least it don't seem to agree with you at all."

"You are going to let us have a gay winter, are you not, dear Livy?" said Adah, coaxingly; "we expect to make up for a year of actual imprisonment."

"You are safe in your prison at any rate, Adah," said Olivia, sadly. "Why should you chafe so to be out in the world, when flying there may be bidding farewell to peace?"

She bowed her head on her hand and half closed her eyelids. By and by a big tear gathered in the lashes, and then another and another. They fell unnoticed, for the rest were laughing merrily over their future plans.

"When Olivia marries, Mr. Wallace will live here, and we shall be able to have all sorts of gayeties without the least impropriety," said Bertha. "Oh, Leonore, shouldn't you like to get up private theatricals, like those Mr. Raye told you about? Did not he say he would assist us? You must get married, Livy, so that we can begin to enjoy life in real earnest."

Miss Copeland returned no answer to these urgent pleas for matrimonial haste, and still sat looking downward, without a word.

Soon the three gay creatures, still intent on their plans for enjoyment, fluttered away to their sitting-room, and she was left alone. While she still sat thinking, Barbara appeared at the door and stood watching her with a cunning glance that seemed to read her thoughts. Finding herself unobserved, she coughed once or twice, and then came in quietly and naturally, according to her wont. She came and stood close beside her young lady, who looked up inquiringly, and seemed surprised to see her wear a face of serious yet timid earnestness.

"I beg your pardon for my boldness, Miss Copeland. I don't wish to seem presuming, but will you let me tell you that the—the gentleman from Stapleton who came with Mr. Wallace in the first place, and walks so much with Miss Leonore—will you let me tell you that he sends bouquets and books here in a private way to avoid your seeing them? Please excuse me—I felt it a duty to speak, but I did not wish to take the liberty if I could have avoided it."

"You are quite right," said Olivia, quietly; but her color died out and then came again in a perfect blaze of crimson. "I will see that Miss Raye knows this; she cannot understand it, I'm sure; it shall be attended to at once."

Although her young mistress shrunk from being obliged to receive this communication concerning the improprieties of her household from her servant, Barbara's respectful bearing was well calculated to take away the objection. Her face expressed the full sense of the position she had assumed, and seemed to crave pardon for an unpleasant duty.

"Thank you, Barbara, you may go—but I am obliged to you for what you have said, it was only proper and necessary for me to know it."

"Thank you, Miss," said Barbara, and bowed low as she went out. When she got outside the door, she paused as if relieved from a great burden, and then drew a long breath to express her satisfaction.

"She will put my darling and warn her," she thought. "I can watch over her and guard her, though she cannot know and answer my love."

Before she had reached her own room her surmise proved correct, for Olivia's step was heard crossing the hall to Leonore's chamber; and listening intently, Barbara heard her tap at the door and enter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ In order to become a broker in Paris and member of the Bourse, a man must be twenty five years old, and give bonds to the amount of fifty thousand dollars for his good behavior.

☞ A man living on the outskirts of Springfield, Mass., found the snow drifts so deep in front of his dwelling that he concluded his neighbors should break a path for him. He inserted an advertisement in one of the papers offering his house for sale for a mere song. The plan worked like a charm. From immediately after breakfast until late at night, and on the next day also, a stream of hungry speculators, on foot and in sleighs and carriages, poured down the blockaded street to secure the great bargain. Of course they were all just too late, and the street was as smooth and hard as a plank floor—and all for half a dollar.

☞ For brevity and aptness we have seldom read a more appropriate tombstone inscription than this:

TO THE MEMORY OF MARY MUM.
Silence is Wisdom.

☞ A Detroit Justice the other day married a couple whose united weight was 500 pounds, the bride scaring 300.

☞ It is said that Gail Hamilton thinks that suffrage would be improved more by restricting it among men, than by extending it to women.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'Y 15, 1868.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

LIFE INSURANCE.

We think we are performing a service to our readers, by calling their attention occasionally to the subject of Life Insurance.

How many cases are there of young married couples, with one, two or three children, and all depending upon the exertions of the husband and father for a proper maintenance. Few men in such a position, can avoid feeling occasionally a great degree of anxiety as to the future. While they live, they feel confident that they can support those so dear to them in some way. But death may come—and who then is to provide for the widow and the orphan?

Here is manifest the wise policy of effecting an insurance on your life. By the payment of a small sum yearly, the payment of a much larger sum is secured in case of death. If you are twenty five years of age, the payment of about twenty dollars yearly thereafter, will secure the sum of one thousand dollars in case of death. And in this proportion for any other amount.

Now would it not be well for every young man of moderate means, or with no other means than his skilled brain and hands, on his entrance upon married life, so to arrange his yearly expenses as to allow for the annual payment of a larger or smaller sum for a Policy of Life Insurance?

Would it not be wise for every young wife to use her influence to have this annual sum saved out of the family expenses, and applied to this purpose? It seems to us that a young mother, with one or two little children, would be so persuaded of the wisdom of this, that she would save in a great many ways, rather than not have a Life Insurance Policy for a reasonable amount secured to her.

Of course if a man lives to a good old age, he will pay more to the Insurance Company (especially counting the interest,) than his heirs will receive at his death. If this were not so, the business of Insurance could not be carried on. For the principle of Life Insurance is simply this:—Out of every thousand men, a certain number will generally die in one year, two years, five years, &c. That so many will die is tolerably certain—but which will die is uncertain. Now each one of the thousand agrees to contribute a certain small sum yearly, with the understanding that the aggregate amount thus collected shall be distributed among the families of those who die in that period. This is the principle of Life Insurance in its simplest form. All contribute, in order that the families of those who die shall not be left destitute. As all die, sooner or later, each of course receives the stated sum. The one who dies after having made only one payment, of course receives the greatest financial return—the one who lives the longest, the least. But the latter's excess of payments has gone to the relief of the widow and the fatherless. As it is, his family also gets the stipulated amount at his death—and probably he does not regret on the whole that he has lived so much longer than his neighbor.

Our advice therefore is, to all young husbands:—Insure your lives as soon as possible, in some good company.

While we are upon the subject, we may mention that there is one advantage which some of the Massachusetts Life Insurance Companies possess over those of other states.

The general rule of Life Insurance is, that if you fail to make your annual payment at the stipulated time, your policy runs out at once, and fails longer to bind the Company. Now it sometimes happens that owing to carelessness, sickness, absence from home, or other cause, the annual payment is not, or cannot be made. In such a case the law of Massachusetts provides, that the policy shall not fail before the expiration of a certain additional period.

Thus, if *one* annual payment has been made, the Policy shall continue in force, and be binding on the Company, for two years and three days, even if no second payment be made at all. If *two* annual payments have been made, the Policy shall remain in force for *four* years and twelve days. If *three* payments have been made, the Policy shall remain in force for *six* years and 27 days. And so on.

The justice of this law is based upon the following view:—"In the early years of every Policy, the premium paid is somewhat in excess of the actual risk, so that an accumulation may be made to provide for the future payment of the Policy. It is therefore evident that if a Policy terminates by non-payment of Premium, there is this accumulation more or less in the hands of the Company, which has not been earned—that is, it is over and above the cost of the insurance for the time the Policy has already run."

We believe some of the Massachusetts Companies manage in some way to evade this law; but the BERKSHIRE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—a notice of which will be found in our advertising columns—not only holds itself in due subjection to this excellent law, but has a stipulation to this effect embodied in all its policies.

We consider this feature as one of the highest importance; and as the BERKSHIRE COMPANY was the first to adopt it, and still uniformly adheres to it, we think it should weigh in its favor with all who design effecting a Life Insurance.

We may add that in case of death during the extended periods we have referred to, the Company is bound to pay the amount of the Policy, deducting, of course, such annual payments as have not been made.

In conclusion, we commend the importance of Life Insurance to all, and especially to those who have wives and children, or aged or infirm relatives, dependent upon their exertions for support.

WORKSHOPS IN FRANCE.

An English traveller speaks in the highest terms of the workshops of France. He says that a great deal is done for the comfort of the working man. The shops are like palaces. By the kindness of the British commissioner and the permission of M. Froment-Meurice, he was enabled to visit the latter's establishment, who employs about thirty men; it is one of the first houses in Paris. The manufactory is divided into two distinct sections, the gold workers in a room by themselves, and the diamond workers in another. These rooms are fitted up beautifully, and are well ventilated. There is a most proficient workman as foreman, on whom all the responsibility lies of getting up the work properly. The time of labor is ten hours clear, commencing at seven in the morning, and leaving off at six o'clock in the evening. No eating is allowed in the workshops, which is the only restriction they are subject to.

On the other hand, however, he states that the wages in this very difficult department of work, range only from six to ten francs—or from about one to two gold dollars—a day. It must be remembered, however, that prices generally are much lower in France than in the United States—so that a dollar there goes probably about as far as two dollars here.

"The Home for Little Wanderers."

This Institution would seem to be a very excellent one. It is located at the corner of Tenth and Shippen streets, just in the place where it is needed. Two hundred of the children will sing on their Anniversary night (Tuesday the 11th) at Concert Hall—and addresses will be made by Rev. Phillips Brooks, Hon. James Pollock, A. Cookman, &c. Admission 25 cents.

Nitro-Glycerine.

Nitro-glycerine, concerning which so much painful curiosity has lately been excited, is not quite such a novelty as has been supposed. It was discovered by Sobrero, an Italian chemist, in 1847, and was introduced into England at least as far back as 1851. In that year we find one Dr. J. E. de Vry describing its properties to the British Association then assembled at Ipswich, and astounding the meeting with its terrible powers, made manifest by placing a drop on a piece of paper and striking it with a hammer. It is a harmless looking liquid of yellowish brown color, and slightly sweet aromatic flavor; if swallowed it produces violent headaches. To manufacture it the chemist takes strong nitric and sulphuric acid, and mixes therewith ordinary glycerine, afterwards stirring the mixture with water, when the destructive fluid is precipitated as a heavy oil. Nobel, a Swedish engineer, first applied it to blasting purposes in 1864, and now it is so used in all parts of the world; the extent to which the manufacture is carried must be alarming. Various reports have given its explosive energy as from five to twelve times that of gunpowder. Familiarity with the use of it evidently breeds contempt for its deadly power. While the report of the Newcastle explosion is fresh in our minds, there comes news of a still more dreadful catastrophe, brought about by the utter carelessness of a workman employed in making a railway cutting in New Jersey. A canister of the explosive had become congealed by cold, which it does at 40° F., and to thaw it, a stupid fellow took the canister to a blacksmith's shop and placed it in a vessel of water. To warm the water he thrust into it red-hot bars of iron. In an instant the oil exploded, blowing the shop, its contents, and tenants, so completely to atoms that no trace of their previous existence could be recognized. Eight lives paid the penalty for this mad freak. Nitro-Glycerine is readily rendered harmless by solution in two or three times its bulk of wood naphtha; when required for use it is only necessary to add water to the solution, when the oil separates in all its integrity, and can be drawn off for use. The explosive has several "aliases," amongst which are "glonoine," "natroleum," and "blasting oil."

Science is continually turning out new compounds of such fearful energy for mischief as would appal any but a scientific man, especially when he has not found out the way to control or to safely direct these bottled earthquakes. So the new combination of ideas to which social and political chance have given rise has condensed in certain classes of the community terrible latent forces capable of bursting forth with the direst results, not to be controlled by any political wisdom yet at hand. Place the one at the command of the other, and the probable outcome must give us pause.

An Election Decided by a Baby.

Not long ago—not very long—there was a hot contest between two candidates for the governorship of a Western state. Both men were popular; both were married; neither one had children; parties were about even; and as the day of election came near, their respective partisans strained and double strained their wits to devise means to elect their favorite. Bets stood even. The whole question hung in the most annoying state of undecidedness; when, one fine morning, word went forth that the wife of one of the candidates had "got a baby." On this hinge the whole question turned. "Baker's got a baby." "Jenkins, why don't you get a baby?" "Hurrah for Baker! he's the man to govern the state and populate the state," and like echo of approval and sarcasm ran all over the state; the women took up the chorus, and Baker's baby swept the state. Jenkins was nowhere in such a storm. And the baby elected the governor.

☞ A correspondent travelling in Utah says that the waters of Great Salt Lake rose last year three feet above their former level, and are still slowly but surely rising. The lake drains an immense district, and has no visible outlet.

☞ A London chemist states that Greek fire may be immediately and permanently extinguished by a solution of common washing soda—one pound to a gallon of water.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BOOK.

Let cynics scoff and worldlings sneer,
And cold aristocrats condemn;
Their censure weighed not in her ear,
Her counsel was not ta'en with them.

A wiser, womanlier thought
Whispered within her woman's heart:—
"They that my solace would have wrought,
They in my grief shall have their part.

"The love I mourn, for whom I go
In mourning, ever, to the end,
What England lost in him they know,
How sure a guide, how firm a friend;

"But what the loss the wife, and Queen,
Had in that nature, pure and sweet,
That judgment, steady and serene,
That counsel swift all needs to meet,

"That light of joy within the home,
That fount of peace beside the hearth,
That gravity, which ne'er was gloom,
That glee as pure as maiden's mirth—

"All this my people cannot know,
All this I only can make known,
That they may gauge the joy and woe
I knew with him, now know alone.

"So my past life, my walks and ways,
The wife's and mother's, not the Queen's,
My treasured tale of happier days,
My record of love-hallowed scenes,

"I'll open to my people's eyes,
And therein bid them take their part,
That they may weigh the weight that lies
On my lone life and widowed heart.

"Till feeling what my joy has been,
They feel how vast my grief must be:
And, when my treasure they have seen,
May measure what its loss to me."

What Queen like this was ever known,
To take her people to her heart?
When was Queen's household-life so shown
With modest truth and artless art?

The Royal Widow has done well
Thus on her people's love to call,
Her simple wifely tale to tell,
And trust her joys and griefs to all.

Ne'er since VICTORIA felt the Crown
A weight upon her girlish brow,
Have Heaven's best blessings been called down
About her path, as they are now.

—*London Punch.*

☞ The following is a list of the nicknames of a number of the cities in the Union: New York, Gotham; Boston, the Modern Athens; Philadelphia, the Quaker City; Baltimore, the Monumental City; Cincinnati, the Queen City; New Orleans, the Crescent City; Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances; Chicago, the Garden City; Detroit, the City of the Straits; Cleveland, the Forest City; Pittsburg, the Smoky City; New Haven, the City of Elms; Indianapolis, the Railroad City; St. Louis, the Mound City; Keokuk, the Gate City; Louisville, the Falls City; Nashville, the City of Rocks; Hannibal, the Bluff City; Quincy, the Model City; Alexandria, the Delta City.

☞ Making stones is a business in St. Louis. There is a concern there which makes out of common sand a mantel equal to one of white marble, and sells it for about ten dollars. The sand is in a few hours converted into rock precisely similar to the strata and ledges beneath the earth that have required ages of aqueous action to form them. The process is strictly scientific and chemical. The materials are common brown or white sand, soda, flint, chlorine and calcium.

☞ There are one billion nine hundred and nineteen thousand francs in gold in the vaults of the Bank of France. Such an enormous accumulation of specie has never before been known in that country. It is universally believed that Napoleon has collected it for the purpose of defraying the expenses of a conflict with the "military giant" of Northern Germany. Hence, all France is in a fever.

☞ A Paris correspondent tells an anecdote of Rosa Bonheur and a little girl, daughter of a friend, to whom the artist was much attached. The child had acquired a habit, in which she persisted, of making a series of disfiguring grimaces, constantly putting her fingers in her mouth, pulling out her cheeks, and even bringing her tongue into play in the service of her peculiar line of disobedience. Naturally every means of cure was tried, but in vain. The child only grimaced the more. Mlle. Bonheur, unknown to her, sketched each separate contortion, adding a comic expression to the features, but perfectly preserving the likeness. The sketches were bound in an album and presented, without any observation, to the young delinquent, who turned over the sketches in silence, and was never seen to grimace again.

☞ London is profiting by the war between the grocers and the licensed victuallers. The former sell wine and spirits cheaper than their rivals, who in turn put down the price of tea, sugar and other groceries. Housekeepers are profiting by this state of things, and show their impartiality by buying groceries of the publicans and liquors of the grocers.

☞ The Newark inventor of the steam man promises to invent a steam horse that will plough or run over a race course.

☞ The Lawrence (Mass.) Sentinel says coal, tar and broken stone have been used in that city for some time for sidewalks and street crossings, and it answers the purpose so well that in a few years it will be the only material used for that purpose in the city.

☞ Private letters from Chicago to the Indianapolis Journal state that Mrs. Lincoln is insane beyond all doubt. She recently sold all the furniture in her house, and has two old men as body guard, believing she will be robbed and murdered. Her mania is for selling things, and a dread less she come to want. All her friends are said to be conscious of her mental condition, but think, so long as she is harmless, her removal to a lunatic asylum would increase her derangement.

☞ A Southwestern editor apologizes for the lack of news in his Monday edition by the statement: "In consequence of having gone courting yesterday, we beg our readers to excuse brevity this morning."

A Winter's Day at Haworth.

No. 2.

Next the sexton took us to the vestry, to show us Charlotte Bronte's marriage register, in which we saw the signatures of Mr. Nicholls and Charlotte Bronte, "signed in the presence of us, Ellen Nussey and Margaret Wooler." The former of these two witnesses is, we may here mention, the original of the character of *Caroline Helstone*, in "Shirley;" the latter was Miss Bronte's old schoolmistress and attached friend through life.

Having duly inscribed our names in the visitors'-book, which, we noticed, contained the names of persons from all quarters of the globe, we were taken out of the church into the churchyard, and shown the grave of old Tabby, the faithful servant, for thirty years, of the Bronte family, and who loved each member of that family with a mother's love. Her grave is immediately in front of the parsonage-house, which faces down upon the church. It is a plain house, of two stories in height, and is built of gray stone, in the most substantial manner, in order to enable it to withstand the fierce wintry blasts which sweep down upon it from the desolate moors. The house is roofed with stone slabs, as the wind would easily strip off any ordinary covering of tiles. A small garden, containing a few shrubs, lies in front of the house, separating it from the graveyard.

The present incumbent of Haworth has, with execrably bad taste, removed the plain, old-fashioned house-windows which existed during the Brontes' time, and has substituted large, bran-new plate-glass ones, of the most approved Regent-street construction. Anything more utterly out of keeping with the rest of the surroundings than are these plate-glass windows it is impossible to conceive. Everything else about the house—always excepting those unfortunate plate-glass windows—is in unison with the wierd, desolate scene which surrounds the parsonage.

Standing near Tabby's grave a very fine view may be obtained of the hills and moors which surround the churchyard on every side. The parsonage-house apparently consists of two rooms, one on each side of the door. We say "apparently consists," for we were not allowed to enter it—the present incumbent sternly refusing to admit a single visitor, or to permit one, even for an instant, to peer into that family sitting-room of the Brontes, wherein were written works which have conferred immortal lustre upon this incumbent's present residence, and which will live long after he himself has mouldered down to dust, and his bran-new window-frames have rotted to decay.

The room on our right (standing as we at present are, with our backs to the church, and facing the parsonage-house,) was Mr. Bronte's study; that to our left was the family sitting-room, in which Charlotte Bronte wrote "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," "The Professor," &c.; in which Emily Bronte penned her strangely powerful "Wuthering Heights;" and in which the gentle Anne Bronte composed "Agnes Grey," and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." In that room every evening, as the clock struck nine, all needlework, sewing, &c., were put aside, and the three sisters were accustomed to read aloud to each other their various works, and then to criticise them. Many a plan for the future was mooted in that room, and after death had taken those dear sisters from her, whom Charlotte had "loved and lost awhile," she, the sole survivor, used sadly to pace this room in the evening, thinking mournfully of those sisterly voices that were stilled for ever in death, but which at that evening hour had been accustomed to discuss in it plans, alas! never to be realized on earth. Ofttimes, till far on into the night, Charlotte Bronte paced that room in a very agony of tears, listening shudderingly to the wind from the desolate moors, soughing and moaning outside, till she verily believed that the voices of her dead sisters could be heard at the door. Who does not recognize in these facts the suggestion of that famous passage in "Jane Eyre," in which Jane hears the voice of Rochester calling to her, although he was in reality many miles away? This, then, is the room which, we believe and trust, most men would look upon as almost consecrated ground, and would regard the maintaining of it in its original state in the light of a sacred trust; but which the Rev. Mr. Wade, the present incumbent of Haworth, to our mind, desecrates with his plate-glass windows! The window above the front door was that of the Bronte nursery. The front of the house looks, as we have said already, down upon the church and village; the back door of it opens at once upon the desolate moors, which stretch away uninterruptedly to Burnley, a distance of sixteen miles.

Before finally quitting the churchyard, the sexton showed us the grave of that parishioner of whom Charlotte Bronte used to tell the following story. It seems that he was a very sleuth-hound after money, had been unusually successful in all his commercial enterprises during his life, and shortly before he was seized with his last illness, had—though then in the enjoyment of the most perfect health—insured his life. Only a few months elapsed after his performing this prudential act before he was struck down by illness. It was soon clear to the village doctor that his patient's days were numbered, but the worthy M. D. felt some reluctance in communicating this direful intelligence to the sick man. At length, however, with as much delicacy as possible, the doctor mustered up courage enough to acquaint his patient with his real state. The dying man, on hearing the news—instead of being overwhelmed with dismay, as his informant had expected—nearly jumped out of bed with excitement, exclaiming triumphantly, "By Jingo! I shall *do* the insurance company! I always was a lucky fellow!" An amused inspection of the grave of this Haworth hero concluded our visit to the church, and we thereupon proceeded to the "Black Bull," to discuss dinner.

On entering that comfortable hostelry, we were informed by the attendant damsel that we were to be regaled upon a joint of roast beef, which, she said, had been roasting all that "nooning," *i. e.* forenoon. The "Black Bull" is the chief inn at Haworth, and, truth to tell, is a most comfortable house of refreshment for both man and beast. The viands are excellent, the attendance good, and the charges moderate. Being ushered into the comfortable parlor—its bright fire and crimson hangings contrasting pleasantly with the snow outside—we were shown a comfortable, old-fashioned, round arm-chair, in which our landlady told us that Branwell Bronte had often sat, and often sat, alas! too long.

Mrs. Gaskell, in her "Life of Charlotte Bronte," stated that one reason of Branwell Bronte's having so early contracted those habits of intoxication which blighted his career, was to be found in the fact, that when a traveller for a commercial house came to stay at Haworth for the night, and complained of the dullness of the place, the host of the "Black Bull" would then send up to the parsonage, "with the traveller's compliments," and beg Mr. Branwell to come down to the inn and spend an hour or two there. The sexton, however, informed us that this statement was quite untrue. "Mrs. Gaskell," said he, "went too far there." The host of the "Black Bull" had never thus sent for Branwell; "for," as the sexton observed grimly, "he (Branwell) never wanted no sending for, he went fast enough of himself."

After dinner at the "Black Bull," we resolved to take a walk upon the moors, although they were more than a foot deep in snow. Crossing, therefore, the churchyard, we struck into the narrow path which ascends from it on to the moors, and up which, the sexton told us, the Bronte family, and their dogs, had so often passed before us. The path is at first narrow, ascending between two stone walls. An evidence of the bleakness of the place, and consequent want of trees, may be found in the fact that the stiles which cross this path are made of flat slabs of stone. Not a single wooden one could we see. Not the least change has taken place in this road since the Bronte girls last swept up it, nigh twenty years ago. Proceeding perhaps two hundred yards along this path, we reached a point where another road struck off to the right. Presuming that this would lead us right out on the moors, we followed it, and, sure enough, after two minutes' scrambling, we found ourselves right out on the wide spreading moors, and were looking down—despite its elevated position—upon Haworth Church, which lay directly at our feet. The appearance presented by this wide-spreading, snow-covered expanse of wild moorland, stretching away and away in a west-north-west direction, in unbroken continuity, far as the eye could reach, was very striking. The wind blew across these moors on that January winter's day, fiercely, coldly, but right gloriously. As it hurried past, its music thrilled us and made us feel strong with a reinforced strength. As we felt our veins tingle under its life-giving influence, we ceased to wonder why a girl of Emily Bronte's temperament found her only enjoyment in life to consist in taking long solitary walks on these moors, and that when separated from them she sickened and pined away. To her, the smallest sprig of heather on these moors was more beautiful than the fairest flower. When the Rev. Mr. Bronte first came to Haworth, he used also to take long walks on these moors, and often saw eagles sweeping "in their pride and ample pinion" across them, seeking for their prey. No eagles now are ever seen, for in truth many a long year has elapsed since the last one sailed majestically away. Wading often knee-deep in snow, we struggled on against the mighty wind until we reached a pinnacle of rock, placed on the crest of one of the undulations of the moors, and commanding a wide-spreading view of the whole country around for many miles. Somewhere on these moors, about two miles from Haworth, are certain falls of water, which were a favorite haunt of the Brontes, and which, by common consent, now receive the name of the "Bronte Falls." We should have much liked to have visited them, but, as our ideas of their whereabouts were none of the clearest, as, moreover, the snow-covered moors stretched around us for miles, and as, finally, the darkness of a wintry January afternoon was fast beginning to close around us, we were compelled, by force of circumstances, to give up our idea and retrace our steps. We contrived this time to make our descent from the moors so as to come down upon the back of Haworth Parsonage. In so doing, we got, through a hollow in the moors, such a glorious glimpse of Haworth Church as Mr. Ruskin would have called "very precious."

We were rejoiced to see, on reaching the back of the parsonage, that it is left in precisely the same state as when the Brontes occupied the house. No hideous new windows spoil the effect of its weather-worn walls, scarred and marked as they are by the tempests and storms of the last hundred years. There we could still see the old kitchen in which the Bronte girls in their childhood had so often sat; in which, when grown up, they performed their regular round of household duties; in which poor faithful old Tabby, their servant, ministered for so many years to their wants, and "did the duty which lay nearest her," in the place God put her.

These musings of ours were, however, compelled to be cut short by the recollection of the fact that we had but an hour-and-a-half left wherein to walk the four miles which intervene between Haworth and Keighley, and to catch at Keighley the return up-train to London. My friend and I, therefore, hastily descended the slippery, perpendicular village street, and turned our backs reluctantly upon the home of the Brontes. And as, amid the fast-gathering darkness of that winter's night, we walked back to Keighley, we thought sadly of those lights of genius that had burned so brightly—only a few short years ago—in that lone parsonage-house, situate amongst the solitary hills, but whose radiance has now been quenched for ever in the awful silence and still darker night of Death!

W. H. COOKE, B.A.

☞ UNLIMITED GROWTH.—A French paper supposes that a whale may be only an antediluvian sardine, but thinks it fortunate that men are deprived of this faculty of unlimited growth. "At the present price of bread," it says, "a man eighty feet high would be the ruin of any family."

☞ A little three year old girl, on being told that she was too little to have a muff, asked indignantly, "Am I too little to be cold?"

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate, on the 3d, the House bill authorizing the taxation of National bank shares where the bank is located, was passed and goes to the President. Mr. Wilson, of Mass., introduced a bill, which was referred, providing for the gradual reduction of the army.

In the House, bills were referred, by Mr. Poland, of Vt., to enforce contracts payable in coin; by Mr. Williams, of Ind., authorizing the issue of $140,000,000 in legal tender notes.

In the U. S. Senate on the 5th, a resolution was passed authorizing the Secretary of War to employ counsel to defend Generals Meade and Ruger or other officers proceeded against because of the Reconstruction acts.

In the House, the bill forfeiting Southern railroad lands granted by act of Congress, was passed—yeas 83, nays 72. The Senate resolution, providing counsel for Gen. Meade and others, was concurred in.

On the 6th, a petition was presented from destitute colored people of North Carolina, asking that they be sent to Liberia.

On the 7th, an amendment to the Military Academy Bill, looking to the exclusion of colored cadets, was rejected, and the bill was passed.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In the Pennsylvania Senate, a bill has been introduced declaring it unnecessary that executors, guardians and trustees appointed by the Courts shall be residents of the county where the decedent lived. A bill was passed allowing suits to be brought against agents of life and accident insurance companies in any county. The Free Railroad Bill was passed in the House.

On the 5th inst., in the House, the proposed amendments to the State Constitution, regulating the pay of Assemblymen, and giving the suffrage to all who can read, were considered.

OHIO.—Official returns from the Eighth District give Beatty 11,820, and Burns 10,985; Beatty's majority, 835. Beatty's gain is 280 over Hayes, while Burns lost 308 from Thurman's vote. The Republican net gain is 588. Beatty is said to be in favor of paying the U. S. bonds with greenbacks.

GEORGIA.—The Georgia Convention has passed an ordinance annulling all debts contracted prior to the close of the rebellion.

LOUISIANA.—In the Louisiana Convention an article has been adopted making the public schools open to all children, without distinction of color. All public institutions of learning under State control are similarly regulated. A superintendent of schools is provided for, to be elected for four years.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Freedmen's Bureau reports from North Carolina are unfavorable. Breaches of contract and non-payment of wages are complained of, and the system of working on shares has proved a failure. Destitution is very general among the people.

IOWA.—The official vote for Governor at the last election in Iowa has just been published. Col. Samuel Merrill, Republican, had 89,749; Charles Mason, Dem., 62,050; Merrill's majority, 26,799.

MINNESOTA.—The lower House of the Minnesota Legislature has passed a law making eight hours a day's work for females and children.

CALIFORNIA.—Work on the Central Pacific Railroad is progressing rapidly. The weather is favorable, and the grading of two sections is nearly completed and ready for rails. A new forty-ton locomotive has been safely transported across the summit. Sufficient motive power and material are east of the Sierras to complete the contemplated 100 miles of track in time for the connection to be made at the summit.

The authorities of Contra Costa, Cal., have indicted 1,000 citizens of San Francisco for participating in a prize fight.

BILLS APPROVED.—The anti-contraction bill having been held by the President for ten days without disapproval, has become a law.

The bills repealing the cotton tax authorizing the sale of iron-clads, and providing for a whiskey meter commission have been signed by the President.

ALABAMA.—Returns of the Alabama election are said to indicate the failure of the new Constitution for want of a sufficient vote. General Meade has extended the time of the election another day.

KANSAS.—The Kansas Senate has passed a bill allowing women and negroes to practice as lawyers in the Courts.

WASHINGTON.—Mr. Thornton, the new British Minister, was presented to the President on the 7th. The customary speeches were made, the President expressing a hope of "a speedy and amicable adjustment" of the matters in dispute between our Government and that of Great Britain.

Foreign Intelligence.

GREAT BRITAIN.—At a great meeting at Birmingham, on the 4th inst., John Bright made a speech, and pleaded the wrongs of Ireland in part extenuation of the late Fenian outrages, and begged for Church and legislative reform.

The London Times says that George Francis Train's arrest was a mistake.

The gale which swept over England on the 1st inst., was very destructive to life and property. In London and Liverpool chimneys were blown down, houses unroofed, and many people killed and wounded by falling objects.

Letters from Killarney say that the clergy of that town who refused to say masses for the souls of Allen, Larkin, and Gould, who were executed at Manchester, have ceased to receive any money from their parishioners, who refuse to contribute to their support or that of the church.

The resignation of the United States Minister, Mr. Adams, has been announced.

FRANCE.—The Paris journals generally deplore the tone and tendency of the debate on the bill for regulating the press. They think the opposition will cause its withdrawal by the Government, and they fear the final result will be the extinction of what ever liberty the press of the country may still possess. The Liberal Party of France make a strong opposition to the new bill.

GERMANY.—The King of Hanover and the Duke of Nassau have been granted large indemnities by the German Diet. Much opposition was expressed among the members, but Bismark threatened to dissolve Parliament unless they passed the bill, and the threat had the desired effect.

The King of Prussia received the Minister of Italy with marked cordiality.

ABYSSINIA.—The last despatches from Abyssinia are very discouraging, and forbid any hope of a successful or safe move this season.

The Auxiliary Corps sent by the Pasha of Egypt to join General Napier, has been recalled at the request of Lord Stanley.

CRETE.—The Cretans have again defeated the Turks, the fight lasting all day, and the latter acknowledging a loss of two hundred and fifty killed.

MOROCCO.—A severe famine prevails at Tangier and Tetuan in Morocco. Mr. Heap, United States Consul to Tunis, says that in that city two hundred persons died of starvation on the 27th of December, and that on the succeeding days, up to the date of his letter on the 4th of January, the average of deaths was over one hundred per day, and that the prospects for the future were very gloomy. At night the cries of the suffering and famished resound through the city; by day their bodies are found in the streets and lying by the sides of the roads. The distress continues not only in Tunis, but in Teutan and Tangier, and throughout Morocco.

SOUTH AMERICA.—The inhabitants of Rosario, a town of considerable size on the Parana river, in the Argentine Republic, have rebelled against the authority of President Mitre, and declared for General Urquiza, formerly Chief Executive, or Dictator of the Confederation.

The cholera, which has made sad ravages in Buenos Ayres, has subsided to a great degree, and its entire eradication is confidently antipated at an early day. The disease, however, still prevails to an alarming extent in the allied army, on the Paraguay.

There has been no fighting since the departure of the last mails. President Lopez, of Paraguay, remained at Humaita, and his forces are well supplied with provisions and munitions of war.

The revolution in Arequipa has succeeded. President Prado has resigned the Presidency, and left the country, and General Canseco, the leader of the insurrection, is acting President.

JAPAN.—The Japanese ports of Hioga and Osaka were opened to foreigners on the 1st of January.

Cash Basis.

Bonifaces are more subject to imposition from penniless travellers than any other class of purveyors, and, it must be admitted, also meet with less sympathy when they are taken in. If what we hear of Benega landlords be true, they must have suffered a heap of martyrdom from itinerant Bohemians before they resorted to their present ingenious measure of self-defence. It seems that the rule adopted there is to pay for dinner immediately upon the delivery of the plate of soup.

The other day a fraudulent genius, having unsuccessfully explored one hotel, boldly entered another and called for dinner. He was astonished to see the waiter approach him with a plate of soup in one hand, a towel in the other, and a large family syringe under his arm. The waiter laid the plate of soup in front of the customer, and significantly placed the palm of his right hand under the nose of the hungry customer. As our friend had not as yet tackled his meal, he modestly inquired the meaning of the open hand.

"Pay in advance!" was the terse and peremptory reply of the waiter.

"Can't you wait till I get through my meal first?"

"No, sir. Our rules are positive. On the delivery of the soup pay down the cash."

"Singular promptitude," he muttered. Then reddening up with natural indignation, he said—

"I suppose if I don't pay you, you'll brain me with that bludgeon pump of yours?"

"Not at all, sir. Through this instrument we secure our business on a cash basis. Your money, if you please."

He thought he had the dead wood on the soup anyhow, and he dipped his spoon for the first mouthful. Before the spoon reached the broth, however, he was transfixed at seeing the waiter coolly introduce the point of the syringe into the plate, and pulling the suction handle out to its fullest extent, the soup suddenly disappeared, leaving his plate as empty as his stomach. He turned around, but the waiter had passed to another customer, and our friend left the establishment in disgust.

CONDOLENCE.—Young lady mourning the decease of her mother; sympathizing friends call to extend condolence and offer every assistance: "My dear girl," said they together, "what can we do for you in your great sorrow?" "Nothing, I thank you," replied the bereaved one between tears and sobs. "O yes, but we can, though," insisted the others. "Well, then," said the afflicted creature, "since you insist upon it, you can. Mother, before she died, spoke of presenting me with a ring—some of you go out and purchase it for me." Ladies look aghast, and conclude they are not wanted in that house of mourning. Such a scene actually occurred in Troy not a great while since.

☞ In Nashua, New Hampshire, there has been invented a small machine, which, worked by an expert, will shear a sheep in three minutes.

☞ Oxygen that is nearly pure, it is said, can be procured by allowing air to pass through the pores of an exhausted India rubber bag, which is kept distended by mechanical means.

☞ A loving couple in Ohio, eloped recently—but two weeks' experience of each other made them return to their homes and duties.

☞ Fifteen hundred freedmen of Lowndes county, Mississippi, have signed their names to an agreement to emigrate to Liberia, says a paper of that state. They expect to be sent out under the auspices of the American Colonization Society.

☞ French chemists are reported to have discovered a way of increasing the lighting power of gas sixty-fold, by putting in the flame a small cylinder of magnesia.

☞ The Parisians threw a funeral wreath to an actress; as a gentle intimation that she was "superfluous."

Permanent Pictures.

CARBON MEZZOTINTS

FROM LIFE AND COPIES FROM ENGRAVINGS.

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN,

914 CHESTNUT STREET.

Attention is called to the new Carbon Mezzotints just introduced by WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN, Artists, 914 CHESTNUT STREET and 603 BROADWAY, New York.

This new style of portraiture, which is making such a stir in the art abroad, is produced by no other establishment in Philadelphia.

The merits of these pictures are:

ABSOLUTE PERMANENCE.

Being printed with the same material as that used in Steel Engravings, they are free from chemical changes.

SOFTNESS.

They present no such hard lights and intense shadows as are common in the ordinary chemical photographs, but the lights are soft and the shades transparent, as in nature.

FINISH.

From the nature of the materials used in these pictures, they have an artistic finish which is unattainable by the former method of printing.

The public are invited to examine specimens at the only Gallery where these pictures are furnished.

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN,
914 Chestnut Street.

☞ The American horse railway cars are finding great favor in the old world. But in Paris, the first city that has adopted them extensively, the cars are run by a flat wheel, without a flange, upon a flat rail, the vehicle being kept in place by a central fifth wheel, running in a grooved central rail. This wheel can be raised by the driver, when the car easily runs off the track to turn out for a car coming from an opposite direction.

☞ "Why do you always buy a second-class ticket?" asked a gentleman of a miser. "Because there is no *third*-class ticket," was the unexpected but satisfactory reply.

☞ The Machias Republican says to its political friends, "Gird up your *lions* like a man."

☞ At a wooden-wedding in Detroit a good joke was perpetrated by a would-be guest, who was unable to be present. He sent his regrets, written on a shingle, to the lady of the house. His appropriate hit caused much merriment.

☞ Judge Poland is a Senatorial wit. Somebody told him that he was talked of for the next Vice-Presidency. "Well," he made answer, "the party might do worse; and it probably will."

☞ A Missouri editor remarks that while he makes no pretensions as a "skatist," he believes that he can fall down on the ice and get up without being told, as often as any other man.

☞ The pilots of steamers running between New York and Boston do not steer by the sight, but by the sound.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-eow tf

NERVOUS DISEASES if not immediately attended to quickly assume a *chronic* form, especially Neuralgia, Nerve-ache, and other painful nervous maladies, and no ordinary medicines will be of any avail. But to meet this contingency, DR. TURNER'S TIC DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL is the *true antidote* for these complaints, as it fortifies the *nerve fluid*. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

TAKE AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL to stop your Colds, Coughs and Bronchial Affections before they run into Consumption that you cannot stop.

feb8-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th of Jan., by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Mr. SEBASTIAN W. MILLETT to Miss SALLIE R. WALLWORK, daughter of Thos. Wallwork, Esq.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. JOHN H. NELSON to Miss MARY E. ASH, both of Paradise township, Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 29th of Jan., by the Rev. J. H. Castle, D. D., JOHN M. GARDEN to Miss JOSIE B. THOMAS, both of this city.

On the 2d of Jan., by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, WILLIAM H. TRIPLER to VIRGINIA DAVIES, both of this city.

On the 30th of Jan., by the Rev. D. S. Miller, D. D., JOHN K. MCILWAIN to GRACE C., daughter of Saml. D. Burbeck, both of this city.

On the 22d of Jan., by the Rev. Willard M. Rice, D. D. Mr. AUGUSTUS H. ASHE, U. S. N., to Miss LIZZIE L. BRAIN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, after a lingering illness, CYNTHIA SNYDER, wife of Charles B. Barrett.

On the 8th instant, JAMES JOHNSTON, in his 71st year.

On the 4th instant, ELIZABETH ORR, in her 71st year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. SUSAN METTS, in her 82d year.

On the 5d instant, CHARLES CADWALLADER, in his 79th year.

On the 3d instant, BENJAMIN P. CORSON, in his 52d year.

On the 1st instant, JOSEPH C. FARLEY, in his 54th year.

On the 1st instant, Rev. ISAAC LEESER, in his 62d year.

On the 1st instant, PRISCILLA JENNINGS, in her 78th year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The contents of THE POST shall consist as heretofore of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS, by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

We shall follow Mrs. Hosmer's story with

TRYING THE WORLD, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Claudia," &c., and

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, by Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman Had her Way," "A Dead Man's Rule," &c.

Besides our original stories, we give

The *GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES*, and also the *NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.*

PREMIUMS. Various Premiums, from Pencils to Sewing Machines, including Books, and Silver Plated ware, are given to those getting up Premium Lists. A list of articles, terms, &c., will be sent to any one desirous of getting up a Premium List upon application by letter, including a postage stamp.

The **SEWING MACHINE** Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent.

Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the large Premium Steel Engraving of "Washington at Mount Vernon," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in his Library," as he may prefer.

Our **PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.** For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the splendid portrait of Washington, engraved from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred, *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club.*

It will not be sent to club subscribers, unless they send one dollar extra.

TERMS. Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs, and the Premium Lists may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving) **$2.50.**

CLUBS. Two copies **$4**; Four copies **$6**; Five (and one gratis) **$8**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12**; Twenty (and one gratis) **$28.** One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND **$4.**

Every person getting up a club of the above clubs, will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The [illegible] of papers [illegible] to different Post-offices if desired.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend always be entirely different.

☞ In remitting, name at the top of your letter your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia. If a Post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST are sent on receipt of five cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

The Pleiades.

A very strong interest in this remarkable group has been excited in many minds by the Scriptural mention of them in the book of Job, conjointly with a few other stars, while the patriarch is being convinced of his ignorance and imbecility:—

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of
Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?
Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with
his sons?
Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?
canst thou set the dominion thereof in
the earth?"

The remarks of Admiral Smyth on these words will, we are sure, be interesting:—"Now this splendid passage, I am assured, is more correctly rendered thus:—

"Canst thou shut up the delightful teemings of Chimah?
Or the contractions of Chesil canst thou
open?
Canst thou draw forth Mazzaroth in his
season?
Or Aish and his sons canst thou guide?"

In this very early description of the cardinal constellations, Chimah denotes Taurus, with the Pleiades; Chesil is Scorpio; Mazzaroth is Sirius, in the 'chambers of the south;' and Aish the Greater Bear, the Hebrew word signifying a bier, which was shaped by the four well-known bright stars, while the three forming the tail were considered as the children attending a funeral. St. Augustin, in his annotations on the above passage, assures us that, under the Pleiades and Orion, God comprehends all the rest of the stars, by a figure of speech, putting a part for the whole; and the argument is that the all-powerful Deity regulates the seasons, and no mortal can intermeddle with them or presume to scan the ordinances of heaven."

☞ "I don't think, indeed, that you are very smart." "No, indeed, wife; but everybody knows that I am awfully shrewd."

BEST OF ALL.

The world has very little it can give
To make us happy; all its precious things,
What men call precious—and for which they
live,
To a sad heart are worthless offerings.
For what are gems and what is tawny gold?
And rarest spices from sweet Indian
blooms—
And silken fabrics shimmering fold on fold—
The costliest products of the Eastern
looms?
They cannot save the soul a single pain—
Or to the weary heart bring hope again.

What is the flash of wit—the salon's glow?
The wine may flash, and leap and sparkle
up
From marble tables white as wintry snow—
And brim blood-red the gold encrusted
cup—
The air may languish, filled with perfume
sweet,
Etruscan vases burn with roses red—
And velvet carpets sinking 'neath the feet,
Give back no echo from the stateliest
tread;
But human hearts crave something more
than this;
Splendor alone can never give us bliss.

Far more we prize a soft and gentle touch—
The mute caress of fingers on the hair—
A low word spoken—ah! how very much
These little tokens do to lessen care!
It matters little if our home be bare
Of luxury, and what the world calls good,
If we have only one true spirit there
By whom our better selves are understood—
Whose deepest heart-throbs swell for us
alone—
With whom in thoughts and wishes we are
one.

Curiosities of Sound.

[This article is instigated by a perusal of Professor Tyndall's admirable series of Lectures on Sound, delivered at the Royal Institution in the spring of last year, and lately published by Messrs. Longmans. We can give but a poor idea of the store of information comprised in this work, and of the captivating style in which it is, by simile and illustration, set before the reader. It is a book that will interest alike musician, student, and admirer of philosophical research.]

Sound is produced by certain vibrations or pulsations communicated to the atmosphere. When we pluck a harp-string we set it quivering and cause it to give to the adjacent air a rapid succession of blows; the number of these blows in a second depending upon the length and tension of the string. If the string only gave one push to the air we should hear but one noise or blow; but as in vibrating it gives a rapid succession of pushes, we experience a rapid succession of noises, and these resolve themselves into a continuous sound. Noises may become musical if only they succeed each other at equal intervals of time and with sufficient rapidity. If a watch could be caused to tick a hundred times in a second, the ticks would lose their individuality and blend into a musical tone. If the flapping of a pigeon's wings could be accomplished at the same rate the bird would make music in its flight. The humming-bird does this, and so do thousands of insects whose wings vibrate with great rapidity. The highness or lowness, what we call the pitch, of a sound, depends upon the rapidity with which these pulses fall upon the air. When they come at the rate of fifty or sixty a second we have a deep growling bass sound; when at the rate of from twenty to thirty thousand in the same interval, the sound is a piercing treble. The human ear becomes deaf to such high sounds as result from these extremely rapid pulsations. It seems that the tympanic membrane is incapable of receiving and communicating more than about 20,000 blows in a second. But the limit varies with different persons; the squeak of a bat, the chirrup of the house-sparrow, the sound of a cricket are unheard by some people who possess a sensitive ear for lower sounds. The ascent of a single note is sometimes sufficient to produce the change from sound to silence.

Since the pitch of a sound depends upon the number of pulsations reaching the ear in a given time, suppose that we run towards a source of sound, what is the consequence? Evidently the vibrations are crowded upon the ear more quickly than they would be if we stood still, and, conversely, if we run away from a sound they come upon us more slowly. Hence arises the curious phenomenon that in the first case the sound is sharpened, and in the second case flattened by our motion. This may be observed at any railway station during the passage of a rapid train. As the engine approaches, the sonorous waves emitted by the whistle are virtually shortened, a greater number of them being crowded into the ear in a given time. As it retreats the sonorous waves are virtually lengthened. The consequence is, that in approaching the whistle sounds a higher note, and in retreating a lower note, than if the train were stationary.

Although a plucked string, or a string otherwise made to vibrate, produces sound by beating the air, it must be observed that a string is too small a thing of itself to set in motion such a mass of air as is necessary to fill a room with sound. Hence to make strings available for musical instruments they have to be so connected with larger surfaces as to set them in vibratory motion. These surfaces we call sound-boards, and in every stringed instrument the most important feature is this sonorous medium. The quality of this part of a piano, harp, violin, or lute, determines the entire goodness of the instrument. The sound-board must be able to take up and give out to perfection every vibration that every string offers to it, or it will not do its duty properly, and the instrument of which it is almost body and soul will be a bad one.

The high value set upon venerable violins is not entirely fanciful. The molecular changes that age works in the nature of the wood they are made of have an important influence over their sounding qualities. The very act of playing has a beneficial effect; apparently constraining the molecules of the wood, which in the first instance were refractory, to conform at last to the requirements of the vibrating strings.

When a string, or a column of air in a pipe, is put in vibration, it not only vibrates as a whole, but it subdivides itself into proportional parts, each of which has its own time of vibration, and gives forth its own sound. These supplementary sounds are called harmonics; and it is the mingling of these with the fundamental note produced by the vibration of the whole string or air column that determines the quality of the emitted tone, or what we, following the French, call the *timbre*. A violin and a clarionet may give forth the same note; yet their sounds will be quite different in tone, because the auxiliary vibrations accompanying the fundamental note in each are different. The Germans call this properly *klangfarbe*, literally *sound-color*. Professor Tyndall suggests that we should have an English name for it in lieu of the French word; he proposes *clang tint* as the most expressive term, and uses it in his lectures.

Vibrations imparted to the air are frequently taken up by solid bodies at a distance. When music is being played, it is not uncommon to hear the lamp-glasses or other sounding bodies in the room join in the concert. In those cases the glass picks out from the general clamor that particular set of vibrations which it is capable of taking up, and rings in harmony with the note producing them whenever that note is sounded. A sounding tuning-fork will thus excite a silent one to play with it. Two pendulum-clocks fixed to the same wall, or two watches lying on the same table, will take the same rate of going, through this sympathetic communication of vibrations; and what is more remarkable, if one clock be set going and the other not, the ticks of the moving clock, transmitted through the wall, will start its neighbor. It is in consequence of this property that the sound of a particular organ pipe will sometimes break a particular window-pane, and that a powerful voice can crack a wine-glass by singing near it. The story goes that the Swiss muleteers tie up their bells at certain places lest the tinkle should bring an avalanche down. Professor Tyndall, however, who, from his Alpine experience, ought to know, does not believe the dreaded catastrophe ever actually occurred.

But the most beautiful instances of sympathy in sound are afforded by the phenomena of musical or sensitive flames. To Professor Leconte, of the United States, belongs the honor of first calling attention to these curiosities. The professor was assisting at a musical party one evening, and he says, "Soon after the music commenced, I observed that the flames of a fish-tail gas-burner exhibited pulsations which were exactly synchronous with the audible beats. This phenomenon was very striking to every one in the room, and especially so when the strong notes of the violoncello came in. It was exceedingly interesting to observe how perfectly even the trills of this instrument were reflected on the sheet of flame. *A deaf man might have seen the harmony.*" By experiment, he found that the vibrations were not due to the shaking of the walls and floor of the room, but were communicated directly from the music to the flame.

This interesting subject has been followed up extensively by Professor Tyndall and Mr. Barrett. It has been found that those flames only are sensitive which are on the point of flaring, or roaring, as some would term it. A common fish-tail burner, just at the point of fluttering, but still giving out a clear sheet of flame, is thrown into a state of commotion, spurting out quivering tongues, when a whistle is blown in its neighborhood. A bat's-wing jet behaves in a similar manner, throwing forth its tongues whenever an anvil is struck with a hammer. Professor Tyndall makes flames almost dance to music. He places a long rod-like flame and a short one side by side; upon blowing a whistle, the long flame becomes short, forked, and brilliant, and the short one long and smoky. The most marvellous flame exhibited at his lecture on this subject was a long thin one, twenty-four inches high. The slightest tap on a distant anvil reduced the height of this flame to seven inches. At the shaking of a bunch of keys it became violently agitated, and emitted a loud roar. The creaking of a boot set it in commotion; so did the crumpling of a piece of paper, or the rustle of a silk dress. The patter of a rain-drop startled it. At every tick of a watch held near it, down it fell. The twitter of a distant sparrow, or the chirp of a cricket, produced the same effect. When Professor Tyndall recited Spenser's verse, commencing, "Her ivory forehead full of bounty beams," the flames seemed to show its appreciation of the language; it noticed some sounds with a slight nod, to others it bowed more distinctly, and to certain others, again, it made a profound obeisance. To the performance of a musical box, the flame behaved like a sentient being. Jets of smoke are acted upon like flames, and so are jets of water, under certain conditions.

The loud noises which caves and rocky enclosures give forth when low sounds are uttered in them are well-known. Bunsen has noticed that when one of the steam jets of Iceland breaks out near the mouth of a cavern, a thunder-like sound is produced. When a hollow shell is placed close to the ear, a low murmuring noise is heard, which little children readily believe is the rolling of the sea. These phenomena are the effects of resonance, and resonance is the reinforcement of one sound by echoes of itself. If we speak into the mouth of a hollow tube, the sound vibrations of the air pour down the tube to the bottom; striking against this, they are reflected, and turn back again; on their way back, they meet others going down, and, again giving strength, they reinforce each other, and a doubled sound issues from the tube; it may be that several reflections conspire to reinforce the original sound several times, and then for a light whisper we have a loud roar.

The channel of the ear itself is a resonant cavity. Every one is familiar with the experiment of holding a poker by two strings, one in each hand, thrusting the fingers in the ears, and striking the poker against some hard substance. A sound is experienced by this means which is as deep and sonorous as a cathedral bell. It is due to the reinforcement of the vibrations of the poker in the hollow cavity of the ear. When we blow gently across a closed tube, such as the pipe of a key, the gentle fluttering of our breath is so reinforced by the resonance of the cavity that a whistle is produced. An organ pipe gives forth its powerful note on the same principle; the prime source of the sound is only a gentle puff of wind blown against a sharp edge; this produces a flutter in the air, and some particular pulse of this fluttering is converted into a musical sound by the resonance of the associated column of air. If a tuning-fork be sounded and held in front of the slit near the bottom of an organ pipe, the pipe will resound as if it had been blown into. But the pipe and the fork must yield the same note, or the former will not "speak." Any cavity will not fully resound to any sound; it is only when the note the pipe would give if blown into is the same as that given by the fork, that the resonance is perfect.

But while sound will augment sound, the opposite is likewise the case; sound will destroy sound. As this curiosity brings us to silence, it shall be the last mentioned here.

Sound consists in waves or pulses travelling through the air. Now a wave consists of an elevation and a depression. Suppose that two waves come together. If elevation meet elevation they augment each other, and a double elevation is the consequence; if depression meet depression, the effect is similar; we have a depression of double the depth. But if elevation meet depression, what follows? Clearly they destroy each other, and the result is—nothing. So it follows that when two sounds meet in such a manner that the elevations of the waves of one meet the depressions of the waves of the other, silence is produced. Just the same thing occurs in the case of light, which is also a wave motion. An optician (we don't mean a spectacle and telescope maker, but a scientific student of optics,) can make two rays of light so clash that darkness is the result. In an ordinary tuning-fork the vibrations of one prong do really, to a considerable extent, destroy those of the other. Any one may convince himself of this by sounding a fork and then placing a cardboard tube over one prong—of course, without bringing tube and prong into contact. The emitted sound will be stronger than when both prongs were exposed. The actual silencing of one prong by another may thus be heard;—Sound a fork and hold it to the ear; slowly turn it round, and you will hear the sound continually die out and revive again. The points of silence are easily discovered; they are in the directions of the corners of the prongs. It is here that elevation—of the waves generated by one prong—meets depression—of the waves generated by the other prong. One kills the other and we have silence.

A Home Fernery.

BY MRS. KATY J. JACKSON.

Within a few years the delicate wood fern in all its varieties has come to be known and appreciated in our country, and in hundreds of instances it has been transferred from its native nooks in forests and by brookside, to elegant and costly "ferneries" or "Wardian cases," in city residences, where it grows and flourishes in the moist air under its dome of glass as if unconscious of any change.

Many persons both in city and country homes would gladly cultivate this beautiful plant could they afford the cases manufactured for this purpose. As I am trying the experiment of a "home-made" fernery this winter, I will write for our friends a little description of it, hoping it may be of practical use to those who are fond of window gardening.

Happening in one of our rides from the Hillside to "Maple Beach," to see by the roadside a transverse section of a hollow tree trunk, I gained possession of it and took it to our sitting-room at "Maple Beach." It is a foot high, and a foot and a half in diameter, with handsome unbroken bark. A good plank bottom was fastened to the inside, and then the hollow was filled mainly with rich leaf mold from the woods, a little good garden soil being mixed with it. Having prepared a bed, I went with my friend to a ravine above our cottage, its rocky bottom forming the bed of a stream, and its sides carpeted with rich, green mosses, ferns, liverworts, &c. Here we gathered the leafy treasures, taking great care to preserve the roots whole. We found three varieties of the fern, the purple-veined liverwort, and various little green wood plants. These we transplanted to the tree trunk, setting them out in its centre, and covering them with a common bell glass, leaving a margin of earth between the glass and the inner rim of the stump about three inches in width. In this little space we planted variegated myrtle, air vine, "wandering Jew," money wort, dewplant, and the wild "twin flower" or "Mitchella vine."

The ferns have been under glass for several weeks, at the time of this writing. They retain their freshness and color perfectly, are growing finely, and the experiment gives promise of best success. The vines outside the glass are wandering over the sides of the tree trunk, and bid fair to cover its bark with a variegated leafy screen.

The friend to whom I have alluded, has a different form of fernery in her room, of which I must tell you briefly. It is made of a large stick of fire wood, (well covered with bark,) which was hollowed out after the manner of an Indian canoe. This she filled wholly with leaf mold and planted it with mosses, ferns, and sundry little forest plants. She has kept this little cradle of wild-wood things, without any covering of glass, in a cool room and thoroughly watered. Within a few weeks a little stalk of buds has sprung up from one of the plants, and now they have opened and form a cluster of the most delicate white star-like flowers imaginable. It belongs to the order Saxifragaceæ, and its name is Tiarella Cordifolia or Heart leaved Tiarella.

It is surprising how many adornments for the home library or parlor can be contrived and put together with little or no expense, by those who have somewhat of taste, skillful fingers, and a love of the beautiful in nature and art. In the midst of heavier and more responsible household duties, I think we are apt to lose sight of and neglect the matter of beautifying our homes, yet it is of import—for whatever tends to make home cheery and attractive strengthens the chain of love and harmony which bind all families together.

An Oriental Love Story.

Several years ago I visited Syria, the Holy Land and Egypt, remaining some time in the last-named country. In order that I may properly introduce the extraordinary and touching incident I am about to relate, I should observe that the Garden of Moharrem, at Alexandria, is a sort of park, which practically belongs to the public. The walks are straight, and bordered with trees, generally small and irregular in height. Here and there is a kind of arbor, full of cobwebs and dried leaves; and at one point a very handsome kiosque, with fountains, in the midst of a grove planted with not any artistic intentions, but entirely for the purpose of creating a dense, cool shade. Thither the Alexandrians repair in crowds towards evening, in order to enjoy their pipes and gaze at the toilettes of the fine ladies—European, of course, or at any rate Christian.

One evening I went to the garden with two friends, one a Levantine, and one, as the ladies called him, a Muscovite. We had commenced our walk, when suddenly a group presented itself coming towards us, intercepting the last rays of light. With the exception of one old gentleman, wearing a beard of huge respectability, they were all women encased in habaras, or black silk mantles, under which were seen what may be called aprons of blue, red, yellow, green, descending from the chin to the feet. Most of them carried their veils in their hands, showing that they belonged to that class of Levantines which is beginning to consider itself civilized; and a collection of prettier and more expressive faces it is difficult to imagine.

There was one, however, that surpassed all the rest in loveliness; but loveliness of a peculiar kind. The countenance, though apparently belonging to one young in years, was far from holding out that delightful promise of a first passion which is so irresistibly attractive to whoever possesses a sensitive mind. Every feature, even in its intense repose, seemed to bear the record of having once been kindled by powerful feeling; the mouth was, as it were, languid with too much smiling, the eyes were faint with too much weeping, and the pale flag of melancholy was hoisted on those cheeks that erewhile had glowed with health and joy. Other faces tell of romance to come; this told of romance that had passed. It was impossible for me to behold it for a moment without desiring to know the details of the history of which there was a reminiscence in every look.

I subsequently learned the truth from the lips of Miriam herself. She was a native of Damascus, in Syria, but had left that city when about the age of fifteen, and gone to Constantinople, where her father set up in business. I listened to how this Christian merchant arrived in the great city, how he took a shop and spread his goods for sale, and how of one piece of gold he made two. As she spoke and seemed to cast about in the deep recesses of her memory for facts, I made a curious observation, the truth of which was afterwards confirmed. It seemed as if she was older than her appearance at first testified, and that sorrow, instead of having induced premature decay, had, as it were, petrified her, and caused her to retain through a long succession of years the very aspect she wore when misfortune fell upon her.

She had a little delicacy about telling me how she became acquainted with one who became the arbiter of her destiny. Possibly, like many other young girls, in some moment of idleness, she looked out for sentimental adventure for its own sake. The object of her love was a youth, less remarkable for beauty than for a certain princely demeanor, a certain elevation of views, a certain reckless violence of passion peculiar to himself. He insisted that, for some time, their acquaintance should be kept a secret from the father—promising when the fitting moment came, to demand her hand with such circumstances of splendor as would insure success. When asked who and what he was, he answered, with some hesitation, that he was in rank a prince; and Miriam guessed that he came from one of the Danubian provinces, which she knew were Christian. Having full confidence in his honor, and conceiving that he must have some powerful motive for mystery, she abstained from pressing him much on the subject.

They used to meet in a kiosque or pavilion in a garden behind her father's house, near the borders of the sea. The young man used to come in a little caique with a single attendant, who remained on the watch. Miriam at first brought a faithful black girl as a companion and protector; but soon disregarded this precaution, and confined herself entirely to her lover. Long and sweet moonlight nights, bright and balmy days they passed together, while the old father was at business or in bed. It was the season of spring, and Nature seemed to soften and grow more beautiful to please their young senses.

At length a little cloud gathered on the horizon. The father announced that the time of marriage had come, and that he had sought for and selected a husband. There is a good deal of routine in these love affairs. Miriam had not the courage to acknowledge, and the old man had not the wit to understand. They were neither of them more angelic than the Capulets; and, Eastern ideas aiding, the sad history of that family menaced to repeat itself. A powerful will, however, intervened to force the current of events into a new channel.

Two nights after Miriam had communicated to her mysterious lover the proposed marriage, she was sitting in the kiosque, looking forth upon the broad expanse of waves that danced and kindled in the moonbeams. She had sat there the previous night, and waited in vain for the coming of what she considered as the star of her existence; and that night the usual hour had long since passed, when she beheld a large caique, with an awning or cabin, approaching along the shore. She shrank a little backwards behind the shadow of a myrtle bush, lest her presence might be observed by strangers. But the caique advanced boldly to the usual landing-place, and her lover leaped lightly ashore, and ran to meet her. The first embrace over, he invited her, in a wild, reckless way, to come on board his caique, and enjoy an hour or two on the water. Not displeased, though somewhat puzzled by his

manner, she went. He took her into the cabin, and there, when the crew of sixteen men had plied their oars for some time, confessed that he was taking her away from her home. She expostulated at first, but he soon contrived to console her by promises that they should at once be married; that her father should know of her safety, and that very shortly she should behold him again. How easily it is for a young girl to believe in the words of a lover!

He took her to a palace with a large garden surrounded by high walls; and there, having become his wife by the aid of a Greek priest, she passed some months in a happiness which she lacked words to describe. To her this was the great feature, the chief incident of her story. She enlarged on the occupation of every hour; on the delicious walks and exquisite meals they enjoyed together; on the anguish of his absence, that imperceptibly became more frequent; on the boundless delight of his return. Her only real cause of uneasiness, however, was, that by frequent observation she discovered that her husband always contrived to retire from her at the Mohammedan hour of prayer, and the dreadful suspicion entered her mind that she had given herself up to the enemy of her race and faith.

When this idea first presented itself, it threw her into a perfect agony of terror and despair; but on contemplating the excessive devotion displayed towards her, she contrived, with the sophistry of woman's love, to persuade herself that she might atone for the sin she had committed in thus quitting her father's house, by rescuing a soul from the hands of Satan. Thus the very motives of her shame and grief furnished her with topics of consolation.

Time passed on, and her husband began to prolong his absence for days together. She questioned her servants; but they professed perfect ignorance, even of the locality where they were. Provisions were brought day by day to the gate of the garden by men who maintained an obstinate silence, and no one was ever permitted to go forth. At length, he came one evening, evidently in a state of great excitement, and, though he endeavored to be cheerful and loving, could not conceal that he was in expectation of some great event. An hour or so passed in moody silence. Then there was heard a mighty murmur in the city. A crowd came to the gates of the palace; there was a great stirring and bustle.

"Do not ask me to say anything further," cried Miriam, pressing her hands to her forehead. "I heard it said that Sultan Mahmoud was no more, and that Abd-el-Mejid reigned in his stead. I never saw *him* again; but I was taken back to my father's house. I found the good old man waiting for me with impatience. He knew all, and pardoned me. He knew more than I did, indeed. Offers had been made and rejected. Dire necessity, incompatible pretensions, alone caused our separation; and here I am, with the revenues of a princess if I choose to demand them, but with a heart that can never know real joy, though it may know contentment. My father died last year, and I have come for a change to Egypt; but I feel ill at ease in this country, and shall probably return to Damascus next spring. My house will always be open to receive you."

Such was the explanation of this lady's melancholy. She was a Sultan's wife! I wept with her over her misfortunes; but her tears were soon dried. She seemed, after all, to derive more pleasure than pain in the contemplation of her past existence; and, indeed, the only circumstance which gave her keen regret, was the fact that her husband had been of a different creed. I often went to see her, and learned to consider her state as a very endurable one. She had exhausted the joys of life, it is true, within a few months; but she could transport herself back to that period at pleasure.

Nice Young Man.

Everybody knows the nice young man; everybody has seen him. He is that mild and pleasing person who says, "Oh, yes!" and "Ah, indeed!" with so much vivacity; who is always the first to hand around the ices at the party; who knows all about all the weddings and engagements and balls; who escorts mamma to her carriage and suffers her to converse at him so amiably. He seldom talks much, but he is so nice. Generally he is in the dry goods line, and frequently a member of the Young Men's Christian Association. He has been known to attempt to teach in Sunday-school, but the mental exertion is commonly too severe. His personal appearance is not remarkable. He is usually fair, with light hair and gentle blue eyes. It is desirable that he should have a moustache, straw colored if possible, and in size like an exaggerated eyebrow. His dress must be so perfect as to leave, like himself, no definite impression on the mind except one of extreme niceness, and his back hair should always be parted in an exact line with the seam of his collar. Brains in moderation are not, as we have already intimated, an absolute objection, but their possession should be carefully hidden. Ideas are fatal to his supremacy. One of the nicest young men we ever knew lost forever his proud pre-eminence from the fatal accidental commission of a thought. But feelings he may, indeed must, constantly exhibit; it is indispensable that the real nice young man should be as sensitive as a new author or a public functionary accused of peculation. He may play a little on the piano, or, better still, on the guitar, and occasionally sing to his own accompaniment in an unobtrusive tenor; sometimes he paints nicely, and often writes poetry of a sentimental nature, not fatiguingly intellectual, and he dances—oh! he dances divinely.

The nice young man of Boston is a very different creature from the nice young man of New York, and the nice young man of Philadelphia bears not the remotest likeness to either, or indeed to anything else in human semblance. The nice young man of Boston, for example, is sometimes a prig; the nice young man of New York is oftener a snob; the nice young man of Philadelphia is usually a cipher, the *curiosa felicitas* of nullity. Again, the nice young man of Boston who has no brains is permitted to fill the cavity which should hold them with a weak solution of equal parts of Emerson and Cant; the nice young man of New York who has brains is required to shroud their existence in the profoundest mystery; the nice young man of Philadelphia never has brains. The first admires nothing that he understands; the second understands nothing that he admires; the third understands nothing, and admires only himself and Philadelphia. And so on. Besides, there are numberless varieties produced again by mere fluctuations in feminine taste and in the fashion of niceness. The nice young man of a year ago may be as different from his representative of to-day as last season's beaver from the prevailing tile. Miss Gigglesby's nice young man in no respect resembles Miss Sniggersby's; mamma's is not the one with whom Arabella exchanged hearts and hair and photographs; the nice young man of Betty, the housemaid, is not the organ of mistress's devotion. The niceness in all these cases is relative, an arbitrary quality reflected rather than actual, and subject to optical delusion. But each is in his own circle, to all intents and purposes, a nice young man.

The end and scope of the young man's existence is not so easy to define. The poet tells us that a thing of "beauty is a joy forever," and the nice young man is always a thing of beauty; then, too, his fair worshippers probably find him useful. He is always so obliging, so willing to carry parcels, so ready to escort one to opera or ball, to make up a set, or hold worsted, or take dear aunt Jane down to supper; so eager, to do him justice, for any service where eagerness does not need to be supplemented by intellect. And as these are things which somebody must do, the nice young man has his place in the economy of creation. Perhaps he is intended to show how small a quantity of brains is necessary for human existence. We have sometimes thought that his mission was to preserve one from marrying that nice girl who is his counterpart, whom everybody falls in love with, and, being sooner or later cut out by the nice young man, blesses his stars for ever after. On the whole, we think it most probable that the latter is the design of Heaven in his creation.

An architect proposes to build a "Bachelors' Hall," which will differ from houses in having no Eaves.

☞ The senior editor of the Boston Herald, now travelling on the continent of Europe, reports that he finds drunkenness very rare, though all the people drink wine rather more freely than water. He says Carte D'or is the great Champagne.

☞ It is thought that out of a population of 900,000 in Michigan, there are about 70,000 who are professed Christians and attend places of worship. This is the figuring of several representatives at the Christian Convention now in session.

☞ A European professor has succeeded in photographing the beating of a person's heart. What a neat thing for an absent lover to send his adored would be a carte of his palpitations on gazing upon her portrait.

☞ Julia Ward Howe, seeing in Boston the sign "Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary," expressed her surprise and skepticism, saying she did not believe there was a charitable eye or ear in the whole city.

☞ Mr. Eugene Hayward, of Para, is said to be the owner of 50,000 acres of land in Illinois, purchased by his father fifty years ago. He recently purchased 12,000 acres of land in Nebraska, at a cost of about seventy-nine cents an acre. He is only twenty-two years of age.

☞ A down South editor asks, what is prettier than a pretty foot, say number two and a half or three? After mature reflection of six hours and a half, the editor of the Wilmington Star replies, "two feet." All's well that ends well.

☞ Beecher has been overwhelmed with offerings of infants for adoption since he wrote a letter saying that he "coveted his neighbor's babies."

☞ Every man has his "weak side;" and it is very often the case that this weak side is the best part of the man.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been more active. About 8000 bbls sold at $7,25@8,25 for superfine, $8,50@9,50 for extra, $10@12 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family, $10@12,50 for Penna family, $11 @13 for Ohio family, and $13@14,25 ⅌ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—400 bbls sold at $8,50.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues in fair demand. Sales comprise about 25,000 bus, including choice Penna and southern red at $2,58@2,60; fair to good do at $2,36@2,50; common at $2,25@2,35; western white at $3,15@3,20, and 1000 bus of Kentucky white at $3 ⅌ bus. Rye—10,000 bus sold at $1.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &C.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TUTOR AND PUPIL.

The amount of education—in the sense of learning—that can be imparted to an ignorant young gentleman of eighteen, who considers himself old enough to be his own master, and who hates a book as a dog hates a stick, is very small. In the case of Bentinck Woodford, the foundations of whose scanty knowledge had been laid in a neighboring grammer-school, where the son of the Squire of Sandalthwaite was treated with the respect he did *not* merit, it was infinitesimal. After two or three attempts, of a most resolute character, to relieve the fortress of his pupil's mind—besieged by all the powers of Idleness—Valentine Blake desisted from such forlorn hopes altogether. If the garrison rejected his supplies, it was clearly no use to strive to provision it; and although he still daily threw in a few handfuls of mental food, it was rather to save his own conscience than with any hope of a beneficial result. He resolved to try to do his duty to his charge by other means, namely, by working upon his better nature. However bad may be our dispositions, they are at least made up of materials, some of which are less objectionable than others; and it was these negative advantage which Valentine endeavored to turn to good account.

In place of study, he substituted conversation, for although Bentinck was stubborn and antagonistic to an incredible degree, he judged that the lad would submit to be talked to, and even to vouchsafe replies when desired to do so, in consideration of his exemption from what he disliked still more. When the tutor confessed to Mr. Woodford the failure of his first efforts with his son, and explained to him the new system which he was about to put in action, his employer at once answered that the scheme was futile.

"You don't know that fellow, Ben, sir: he is as obstinate as a string of overloaded mules. He will never open his mouth, nor even his ears, for that matter—that is, if he entertains the least suspicion that you are trying to improve his mind. But, if you can get him to imagine that he is wasting his time, or, still better, getting an advantage over you, by wasting it, without your being aware of the fact, then he will listen to whatever you may have to say. Now, there's my niece, Evelyn—the only woman with a grain of sense, who is not a Tartar, that I ever met with—she is the person to help us here. If my son is influenced by anything besides beer and tobacco— Now, don't pretend to be shocked, Mr. Blake, or I shall begin to have my suspicions that you are not so honest as I take you for. You must know what Bentinck is by this time, yourself; and do you expect that *I*, who have seen these many years into what sort of hands the great Woodford estate will one day pass, should be mealy mouthed in speaking of the matter?"

"But still, Mr. Woodford, he is your son," said Valentine, not without a touch of pity.

"You need not remind me of that, sir," answered the Black Squire, passionately, and beginning that wild-beast walk of his up and down the room. "I swear to you that there are times when I almost wish that I had never been burdened with such an offspring. What have *I* done to deserve that all I and my father before me have built up with such sagacity and prudence should revert to one who will dissipate our garnered wealth in a few years of riot? He will do it, sir, I know he will do it—curse him!" screamed the old man, clenching his thin fingers, as though he were indeed calling down some malediction upon his degenerate boy.

"You are speaking of Miss Sefton," interrupted Valentine, anxious to put a stop to so sad a scene.

"I was *thinking* of her, at all events," continued Mr. Woodford, with angry vehemence. "Look you, I had rather make that girl my niece—the child of one I had little or no regard for—the heir of all I have to leave, than my own son. And I would do it, too—I would, by Heaven—if there where no Selina Murphy in the world to jeer and flout at me. I see her watching me with greedy eyes for something for her brat. But not so much as a bone shall the dog have, sir, from my table. It is that knowledge alone which gives me comfort. For seventeen years and more, I have heard no word of her; when I wrote to her of Bentinck's birth, she made no reply; but she is not one—not she—to sit down content with what Fate has given her. When I think of her, sir, my son grows dear to me; for while he lives, Claude Woodford Murphy—Woodford, forsooth, she named him, counting her chicken safe ere mine was hatched—will be the beggar that his father was before him."

So violent was the old man's hate and passion, that he never looked towards his companion, but poured forth his denunciation against its unconscious objects, as though he were alone.

Valentine had to touch his arm as though by accident, as he walked swiftly to and fro, to bring the Black Squire to the consciousness that he was in the presence of his son's tutor.

"You were saying, sir, that you thought Miss Evelyn could assist us in the plan which we had resolved to adopt with Bentinck."

"Yes, yes," returned Mr. Woodford with impatient irritation; "if anything can be done with him, Evelyn can do it. You may tell him from me, that I wish her to give you every help."

Whereat the tutor, with a grave bow, departed, and left the unhappy old man to resume the thread of his bitter thoughts alone.

Thus, a companionship which would have been wearisome enough to Valentine, became very pleasurable, since Evelyn Sefton shared it. She was accustomed, after her domestic duties were over, to enter the pupil-room upon some pretence of a missing book, or a mislaid letter of her uncle's, and then the unfruitful studies of the morning would be suspended, and the improvement of the unsuspecting Bentinck's mind would be proceeded with in a new direction. To draw the obtuse lad out, was about as easy as to draw a badger; he would sit at meals for a week, and never open his mouth, except for the purpose of filling it and of mastication. Without a grain of imagination, the young fellow seemed always self-involved and preoccupied (as very dull folks often do), save for an occasional malevolent glance directed towards his male parent, whom he feared and hated in about equal proportions. But in the pupil-room the lad was a little more at ease, and whether from the reason which his father had so disparagingly suggested, or not, he not only appeared to listen with some interest to what was said, but even took some part (though chiefly by ejaculations and expressions of incredulity, it is true) in the conversations. What was found to please him best was Valentine's adventures in South America, with their incidents of war and peril; and in spite of his contempt upon the first occasion when Giuseppe's* name was mentioned, he was forced to confess that, if what was told of him was true, this friend of Mr. Blake's must be a fine fellow. "A doused sight better," he was so good as to remark upon one occasion, "than any other of his countrymen, such as Julius Cæsar, or Alexander the Great (it was no use correcting him in little local discrepancies), about whom there used to be such a fuss made at Hawkstone Grammar-school."

"I agree with you there, Bentinck," remarked his tutor approvingly, "for Cæsar and Alexander only served their own ends, whereas Giuseppe had always in view the interests of others."

If Mr. Murphy had been present, he would doubtless have observed to himself that the last remark was a speech for the Gallery; and certainly it made more impression upon Evelyn than on the person to whom it was addressed. But, nevertheless, Valentine obtained this much with his pupil, that he was able to reprove him indirectly for the vicious principles or weak opinions to which he occasionally gave utterance, by an anecdote of how this fine fellow Giuseppe had acted under circumstances which were apposite to the case in point. "If you are a better or a braver fellow than he, Bentinck, then you are right, and he is wrong, but not otherwise;" and this sometimes evoked a retraction of opinion, which no amount of argument would have compelled. Thus, upon one occasion, when the disrespectful youth happened casually to refer to Mrs. Woodford as "the old woman," Valentine took up his parable as follows.

"You are doing very wrong, Bentinck, to speak of your mother in such terms; for myself, I was so unhappy as to lose that parent in my infancy, and I consider it the greatest misfortune of my life. Giuseppe used to say that no man who did not love his own mother, and treat her with reverence, was worthy of any regard. He attributed all the good feeling that might be in his nature to her alone, just as you might feel indebted to your ancestors for house and land; and he has declared to me that in the most terrible passages of his life, in the moment of shipwreck, or when the bullets were singing about his ears like hail, he has never felt the touch of fear, since he was sure that his mother was praying for him, and that God must needs listen to one so good and pious."

"Ay, that's all a woman can do is to pray," observed the young gentleman scornfully; who, although he did not possess the intelligence of Voltaire, unconsciously entertained the same opinions upon religious matters.

"If that were even so, Bentinck, it would be a good deal," remarked his tutor gravely; "but women can do more than pray, when it is necessary. For one thing, they are braver than men, when their pity or affection is aroused, in daring the displeasure of the powerful. I should not be alive this day but for the heroism of one of that sex whom you so unreasonably despise. It was when Giuseppe and I were seized and thrown into prison while endeavoring to escape from Galeguay. You have seen these red lines round my wrists—they are the marks of the bracelets of the Spanish governor. My hands were fastened behind my back, and then I was made to hang by them to a rope from the ceiling. My chest seemed to be forced inward upon the heart and lungs, my arms to be wrenched from the sockets, and from beneath the nails of my swollen fingers the blood began to ooze— But I beg your pardon, Miss Evelyn; I am afraid I shock you with such horrors."

"Nay, Mr. Blake; if you have borne them, I can surely bear to listen to the recital," answered Evelyn, with heightened color.

"Yes, yes, I like this," urged Bentinck, excitedly; "it is as good as *The Lives of the Highwaymen and Robbers*." And this was high praise, for the volume in question was the only one which even his foster-mother, Mary Ripson, had been able to convince the young fellow was worth reading.

"Giuseppe, however, suffered worse than I," continued Valentine, modestly. "While similarly bound, he was let fall twice or thrice by means of a pully, whereby his bones were dislocated. Then after such a quarter of an hour as seemed a lifetime of torment, the governor entered the cell in which we hung. 'If you will give up the names of those who helped you in your attempt to escape,' said he to Giuseppe, 'you shall be let down.' Never shall I forget the disdainful smile with which that face (which you have seen pictured in its quiet majesty) lifted itself up with pain and difficulty, and gave its silent answer. The cowardly taunt felt it like a stab, and left the room. For my own part, I soon fainted with the extremity of the pain; but Giuseppe was not so fortunate; it was two hours before his iron nerves gave way, and he became unconscious. We suffered more than that in Galeguay; but in the end we escaped, thanks to a noble lady, who dared the governor's vengeance, when no man was found to do so. If I had known her only, it would have been enough to convince me how great is woman's courage. But I have known many such. At Laguna, when the little republican flotilla of Rio Grande was driven on shore by the Brazilian fleet, and it was necessary to land our handful of men in hot-foot haste, the last person, save one, to reach the shore was a woman. Herself and her husband, with their own hands, set fire to the three vessels, by that time mere slaughter-houses, so terribly had we suffered from the enemy's shot; and by the light of the flames which they themselves had kindled, they made their way to land in a small boat."

"And who was this heroic woman," inquired Evelyn, "who was so worthy of her husband?"

"It was Giuseppe's wife," answered Valentine. "He had married her only a little time before, and their very honeymoon was passed in camp. He was our general and admiral in one at that time, and she was his right hand; we adored her almost as we did himself.—You have heard of the retreat from Moscow, Bentinck—a terrible history indeed, but there it was almost solely men who suffered. I have seen a retreat worse than that, where women and children had to march night and day through a dense and tangled forest. It was on the march from Buena-Vista to Lagos, and the forest was called Las Antas. Our provisions were very scanty, the rain was incessant, and not a mile was passed without some unhappy child or woman sinking under the fatigue. The cavalry ate their horses, but a few good men saved theirs, in order to take up before them one of the poor little creatures whose mothers had already perished. Giuseppe carried his own child of three months old suspended round his neck by a shawl, and endeavored to keep life and warmth within him by breathing on the poor babe as it shivered in its intellectual cradle— But I think we have breakfasted full enough of horrors for this morning, Bentinck," said Valentine, interrupting himself with effort. "See, it is high noon, and after the rain, the fish will bite; let us take the boat, and go a-fishing."

"I have broken the rods," returned his pupil sullenly; "and although Evelyn has one locked up somewhere, she will not lend it me. But tell me, did you ever manage to pay out that governor of Galeguay for what he did to you?"

"Yes, Bentinck. The whirligig of time generally manages, during warfare, to bring about our revenges. After the battle of San Antonio, that very man fell into our hands, and was brought as a prisoner before Giuseppe. He trembled in every limb; none but a tyrant could have exhibited such an extremity of cowardice."

"And I hope you tied his wrists and jerked him well before you hung him?" observed Bentinck eagerly.

"No; there was no end to serve by punishing the craven wretch; so Giuseppe, who never revenged his private wrongs, ordered him to be set at liberty. 'The punishment of fear upon meeting me,' said he smiling, 'was severe enough, I fancy.'"

The conversation for that morning ended; and tutor and pupil betook themselves to the lake, as the former had proposed; but as they were crossing the lawn towards the boat-house, Evelyn called out to them from the house to stay a moment. Then hastening after them, she gave into Valentine's hands a rod and line, saying: "This is my Cousin Charlie's rod, Mr. Blake, and has never been used since his death; but I think I am right in lending it to *you*."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. MURPHY'S LETTER OF THANKS.

When Valentine Blake had occupied his new post for about a month, he received the following letter from Mrs. Murphy, though not addressed (as we who are acquainted with that sagacious lady may well imagine) by her own hand:

DEAR SIR—I am obliged to you for your long and careful communication. I can now picture for myself exactly the state of affairs in my old home; and since it seems to prick your conscience to narrate such harmless details, I will not press you to continue them. The likeness of young Bentinck to Miles Ripson, whom I perfectly well remember, is curious enough when coupled with the fact of his being his foster-father; and the similarity would probably seem more striking to me even than it does to you, since my recollection of Miles is when he was about Bentinck's age. I could not help smiling over your account of poor Dr. Warton. His unhappy fondness for strong liquors must indeed have reduced him to dotage before his time, since he could talk such nonsense to you over his cups. I am glad, I own, and agreeably disappointed, to hear that Evelyn Sefton has grown up so sensible a young woman. I always thought Mary Ripson a foolish person, whose small modicum of intelligence was perverted by an ill judged course of reading, but (as you also remark) she is incapable of committing anything worse than folly. You tell me little concerning my brother Ernest and his wife: they are doubtless the same as they always were, making allowance for the hardening effects of years; at the same time, I am very sensible of your carefulness to oblige me in forwarding all particulars, for which perhaps it may be in my power at some future time to express my gratitude in a more solid manner. I will not, I again repeat, solicit any further favor from you of this sort, but have only to request (for your own sake,) that if you should happen to see my son Claude in the neighborhood of Sandalthwaite, you will be careful not to exhibit any signs of recognition. He is about to spend his holiday in the Lake district, and I have no doubt that curiosity will lead him to the place where his mother spent several years of her maiden life, and where she first met his father. The same motives of precaution will of course lead you to destroy this communication. I remain, dear sir, with many thanks from your obliged and faithfully SELINA MURPHY.

P. S.—I open my letter for a reason which you will very likely consider very insufficient: I caught, perhaps, to be sure that your own good feeling would render my mentioning the matter unnecessary: but be very careful not to repeat to others, even in joke, Dr. Warton's drunken boast that he had my brother under his thumb. You must be aware from your own observation that such is not the case, and, in short, as you observe, that the old man was beside himself when he made the statement; but the repetition of such talk could not but do him harm at the Hall; and I have a genuine regard for the poor fellow—the remains of that feeling for him, perhaps, which he always attributed to me.

Valentine Blake read this communication with an amount of attention which the writer could not certainly have anticipated. He had written Mrs. Murphy but one letter—though one of considerable length—in pursuance of his promise to put her in possession of the state of affairs at Sandalthwaite, and this was the reply. It astonished him in more than one respect. In the first place, it was final; Mrs. Murphy had unexpectedly given way (where a person of her character might be expected to have objected) to his reasons for discontinuing the correspondence. Therefore, whatever that might be, she had gained her point in the transaction. He must have afforded her, without knowing it, some information of more value than mere gossip, which was all that he had intended to convey. There was scarcely a line in what he had written that Mr. Ernest Woodford might not have read himself. Valentine was incapable of reflecting upon his employer, and far less upon his wife; he had borne as lightly as possible even upon the shortcomings of Bentinck. With respect to him, he had written (not the faults of his hoisting up second to be with Mary Ripson rather than with his own father and mother, and that even now her well meant devotion to him bore harmful fruit; but he had never used the expression attributed to him by Mrs. Murphy, that Mary was "incapable of committing anything worse than folly," the idea of her committing anything worse had never entered into his head. Why, therefore, had Mrs. Murphy thought it necessary to defend the housekeeper from a projection which he had never entertained, under the pretence of confronting an opinion he had never expressed? This was not at all like Selina Murphy.

Still less in accordance with the character which that lady bore among all who were acquainted with her, including the tutor himself, was her solicitude for Herbert Warton's interests. Valentine's conscience smote him for having retailed to her a certain conversation which he and the doctor had had together when he was escorting the latter home, after what he euphemiously described as

*Mr. Blake evidently alludes to Garibaldi.—ED.

"rather a wet evening," at the Hall; but the whole affair had appeared so ridiculous, that Valentine had enlarged upon it, glad to fill up space with a mere joke in a communication which was for the most part distasteful and embarrassing. He did not now remember with distinctness exactly what the doctor had said; but without doubt he had described the Black Squire—who had only a few minutes before been treating him little better than a dog—as a person who was completely under his control. It was the discrepancy between the fact and the boast which had tickled Valentine's fancy; but somehow the remembrance of it did not amuse him now, when coupled with the postscript before him. Was it possible that Warton had really any hold over the master of Dewbank Hall? Apart from the doctor's own assertion—and that while in a state of intoxication—the tutor had not seen the least sign of such a thing; on the contrary, Mr. Woodford often treated Warton with a disrespect unbecoming in a host towards his guest, and in a manner incompatible, as it would seem, with his being in any way in his power; while with Mrs. Woodford, it was true, he seemed to have great influence, but not greater than that which is generally enjoyed by a medical man over his patient. And yet this postscript of Mrs. Murphy's made Valentine uncomfortable, especially when he remembered that one of the things she had requested of him in Rhadegund street was to favor her with any scraps of the doctor's gossip, "who could tell her more of what she wanted to know than a whole file of Cumberland newspapers." Had he (Valentine) then unwittingly hinted to Mrs. Murphy of something important? Otherwise, why this unlooked-for gratitude upon her part?—nay, even a gratuitous suggestion of solid reward. Something harshly exultant—a mocking tone of triumph—seemed to run through all the letter. Finally, Claude Woodford was coming down from London [illegible]. If mere love of natural scenery was about to induce that young gentleman to visit Lakeland, which was much to be doubted, he could scarcely be given credit for that sentimental feeling for locality, which, according to his mother, would bring her "Woozy" to Sandalthwaite. Upon the whole, Valentine liked this piece of information least of all the communication conveyed.

Having no tutorial duties for that morning, since it happened to be Bentinck's birthday, and that young gentleman had received permission to spend it in his own way, as a spectator of the sports at Carlisle, he went forth alone, with the letter in his pocket, chewing the cud of thought, and after some aimless wandering over the hill-tops, found himself overlooking Blennerdale, in the recesses of which lay the wad or black-lead which was worth its weight in silver. The valley looked very fair, clothed in its fresh summer verdure; but the particular hill in which the treasure was found bore many a sign of the havoc which wealth always plays with the simplicity of nature. Scarce any of the original surface-soil had escaped the spade or the pick, and in a score of places, a vast heap of clay or earth showed where an entrance had been effected into the hill itself. Only one, however, of all these burrows had been found to contain in any quantity the precious wad. Valentine, who had been taken over the place by Mr. Woodford very much in the spirit of Hezekiah when showing the Babylonish envoy, could remember the exact spot from where he stood—a huge black adit in the very centre of the hill-side—though it was no longer marked by the presence of the wad-workers, issuing like ants around the opening of their nest, and, like them, passing in and out in single file, there being only just room within the narrow passage for a man to pass his fellow. As a show-place, indeed, the wad-mine was not inspiring: you went on in damp and darkness, save from the ray from the guide's lantern, perhaps not very far, but—since you had to stoop throughout the tunnel, and ever and anon stumbled against the props with which it was necessary to shore up the crumbling roof—the expedition seemed a long one. Your reward was first to have pointed out to you the rich black seams, which would perhaps have glittered could the sun have shone on them; and secondly, the unspeakable relief of finding yourself, when all was over, safe in the open air. You might then consider yourself a favored person, if you were not subjected to the operation of searching, from which no one connected with the mine, except George Adams the manager, who had accompanied his principal and Valentine upon the expedition in question, was exempt.

But there was no longer a reason for these precautions. Mr. Woodford had put his determination into effect, and closed the wad-mine, following the example sometimes set by the proprietors of the Keswick lead-mine, in order to prevent the cheapening of that rare commodity. There was not a single workman to be seen upon the whole hill-side, nor did the echoes which usually repeated the strokes of the pick from every side return any sound. The huts, too, where the men were housed at the foot of the hill, were all abandoned, and the door of the tool-house, situated upon the hill itself, not far from the adit of the mine, was closed; the smoke that curled from the chimney of the manager's house was the only sign of human habitation to be seen. Its contrast with the busy scene he had last witnessed here, made the quiet seem even more complete than it really was, and besides, there was that stillness in the summer air which is the herald of a storm. With all his experience of the solitudes of nature, Valentine felt that he had rarely looked upon a spot so lonely. When the sun began to send forth its skirmishers in the shape of such large cool drops as promised a serious downpour, the tutor was still at too great a distance from the deserted settlement to arrive there with a dry skin; he made, therefore, for a rude outhouse of unmortared stone that stood not far off, and endeavored to shelter himself under its projecting slates; but that protection being insufficient, he was driven to commit an act of burglary; the door defied his efforts, but he broke open the rusty padlock which confined the window-shutters, and having climbed within, closed them against the fury of the storm. Then, seated on an empty barrel that stood in the place, he took out Mrs. Murphy's letter, and read it once again, which even in that semi-darkness it was now easy for him to do; and as he did so, doubt and suspicion—though he scarcely knew of what—clouded more and more his mind.

He had been sitting for some time immersed in thought, when suddenly a sound struck upon his ear that roused him at once from his reverie, and caused him to look up at the closed shutters with the utmost extremity of surprise. A man's voice was no such wonder in Blennerdale, and it was likely enough that a man should shelter himself under the outhouse eaves as *he* had done; it was the tones of the voice which struck him with such astonishment, for they were those, he felt convinced, of his pupil Bentinck Woodford, whom he had beheld with his own eyes set out (only a few minutes before he himself left Dewbank Hall) in his dog-cart for Carlisle. For the moment, he thought it was by no means out of the range of possibility that the young gentleman might have used deception with his father, and planned some expedition elsewhere; but then he reflected leisurely, as he had walked over the hills, that that was so much the shorter way, that no wheels could have arrived in Blennerdale within the time or near it. Perplexed and astonished, he moved cautiously to the window, and through a chink in the shutters perceived two men, doubtless taking shelter, as he had supposed, beneath the eaves. The one was George Adams the manager; the other (whom he had seen upon his visit to the mine, but had not spoken with) he recognized at the first glance, notwithstanding that his back was turned towards him, as Miles Ripson.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MANAGER'S SECRET.

"I was coming to your house, Adams," said Miles, in hoarse dogged tones, so similar to those familiar to the tutor's ear, that he had only to shut his eyes to be at once transported to his own pupil's room; "but since I have met you on the road, I may just as well say my say where we are."

"Better to say it here, Miles Ripson," answered the other; "better to meet you anywhere than under my own roof-tree."

Here Miles turned round to give his companion an ugly look of scorn and hatred; and as Valentine caught his features in close profile, it seemed to him as though he had slept some Rip Van Winkle sleep of twenty years, and was standing face to face with Bentinck Woodford.

"And why not see me in your fine house, George Adams?" inquired the miner, with a sneer. "Is it because, half a life-time ago, a pretty girl thought me a properer man than yourself?"

"No, Miles, it is not on that account," replied the other, speaking with forced calmness.

"Ah, you're afraid of losing your dignity perhaps," continued Ripson, bitterly, "if you, the manager, are seen in confidential talk with a common workman; though, let me tell you, I have had more money to spend in my time than you will ever scrape and save out of your salary, however large you may think it."

"I know all that, Miles; I know you have spent a great deal of money—other people's as well as your own. But my house is the house of an honest man, and I don't wish any rogue to set foot in it."

"Rogues go to prison, George Adams, and I have never been there, though I could send some people thither just by opening my lips."

There was a long pause; then,

"What is it you want?" asked George, with averted face.

"There, now you're getting more sensible as well as more neighborly," returned Miles, with a sneer. "Well, since the Black Squire has turned us all off yonder at a week's notice, I want some sort of a house to live in. I'm not particular, you know, except so far that it must be rent free."

"Mr. Woodford has particularly ordered that all the workmen's houses shall be closed; he wishes that nobody should have any excuse for remaining in the neighborhood of the mine."

"Afraid of the wad being taken, is he?" observed Miles, coolly. "I thought you had made fast the adit."

"Yes; that has been done."

"Then why be so particular about keeping the huts empty, Mr. Manager?"

"That is my employer's business, not mine, Ripson. You must lodge at the inn, as you used to do—or, at all events, not here. I cannot, without permission, let you stay on yonder—and I will not."

"Your orders, however, only refer to the huts, I suppose?"

"Of course only; but there is no other dwelling-house in Blennerdale."

"No; but there is the tool-house, on the Fell itself; and that's where I mean to live, Mr. Manager, until the Black Squire sets us to work again."

From red to pale, from pale to livid white, and then to passionate red again, turned the Manager's cheeks.

"That you shall never do, Miles," answered he. "I have shut my eyes too much. I do believe that the wad we lost found its way—if you did not put it there yourself—into your pockets. I despise myself, when I think that I have so long kept silence, and thereby become a partaker in your crime."

"And yet not in the spoil," resumed the miner, with a sneer. "That does seem hard indeed. Having such a very tender conscience, Mr. Manager, it is strange that when you had taken the queen's shilling and wore her scarlet—"

"Take you care, Miles Ripson," broke in the other, with smothered fury. "When I think of what I have suffered at your hands, a devil strives to rise within me, that takes all the good I own to keep him down. If you drive me once so far that I take you by the throat, God help you!"

"Since the subject seems to be so distressing to you," resumed Miles, coldly, "although I care not for your anger one penny-piece, we will speak of it no longer. Besides, you know already all that I could say upon the matter, having, I daresay, thought over it once or twice yourself in all its bearings. For my part, I do not blame you even. The law, to be sure, takes a black view of the offence in question; and if the thing were known, the consequences would be serious enough. To have to give up one's pleasant dwelling-house, with everything within it that a man need want—except a wife—and exchange it for a prison-cell; that would be hard lines indeed. Then, to be called bad names—I will not mention the word, for one cannot be too careful of such secrets—after having been used to respect from folks beneath one (such as I,) and to have confidence reposed in one by our employer; to be made a by-word of in the place where we had held up our head so high these seventeen years; all this would be hard to bear; and yet—" here he changed his mocking tone to savage menace—"it will have to be borne—mark that, George Adams—it, and much more, unless I get the thing I want."

The Manager gasped for breath, as though engaged in some severe physical struggle, and loosened the knot of the handkerchief about his throat.

"Tell me the truth, man, if the truth be in you," answered he with effort; "why is it that you ask me this, Miles Ripson?"

"It is my whim, that's all," returned Miles, with a malevolent chuckle. "When one has power, one likes to use it—or at least *I* do—even though there be nothing to be gained. Perhaps I am tired of living at the *Wrestler's Arms*, when not at work here; perhaps I want to save money by occupying yonder hut, in order that I may sooner return to my own house, which Mary Harrison brought me at her marriage; you remember Ander Nook. There is no end to the reasons a man has for putting his enemy to an inconvenience. You may give which you like to any who ask questions about it—but yonder house I mean to have."

"I can only guess at one reason—unless it be as you say, the mere annoyance to myself, you devil—that sets you on to this," replied George, slowly. "You design to steal the wad. Now, let me warn you—although I fall short of my duty in letting you know it—that no such attempt can by any possibility succeed. Not only has the adit been closed up, but sealed, and it is to be visited by the Kendal agent, daily, so that it is impossible that an entrance can be effected without immediate discovery."

"And if I were taken in the act, you would be somewhat compromised, eh, Mr. Manager!" answered Ripson; "that is well thought of. However, you may set your mind at ease thus far; I have no such intention as that with which you credit me. I have as honest a dislike of the inside of a jail as you yourself, George Adams. So, let us consider this little matter settled without more ado. You are good enough, in return for my shutting my mouth, to let me occupy this tool-house—which is of neither use nor profit to your employer for the present, and in which he has not forbidden you to place a tenant. Good. I shall take up my quarters there to-morrow. See, the rain is over which brought us together, and I am going to take a look at my new residence. You were walking in the same direction, I think. What! you have had enough of my companionship? Well, that is uncivil, particularly as we are about to be such close neighbors for the future. The only two men in Blennerdale should be upon better terms. However, just as you please, Mr. Manager; and do not hesitate, for my sake, I beg, to keep a sharp eye upon the wad."

With a low grating laugh, the miner turned upon his heel, and took his way towards the deserted works. The Manager stood watching him for a few minutes with white lips that murmured anything but prayer, then slowly moved away, in the contrary direction.

"Now, I wonder does Selina Murphy hold the strings of this mystery also?" ejaculated Valentine, relighting his pipe, which had gone out during this interview; "or does the air of Sandalthwaite engender secrets in all who inhabit the place? If George Adams is really in that black fellow's power I pity him. 'The queen's shilling and the queen's scarlet,' said he; now, what did he mean by that?—Ah, I think I see."

Emerging from his place of shelter, and making the shutters fast behind him as well as he could, Valentine looked cautiously about him; a dip in the valley hid Ripson from his gaze, but he could see the Manager toiling up the peat-path by which he himself had come, as a heavy heart makes the most agile limbs to seem to toil. It was not fatigue that was oppressing him, for when he reached the summit of the steep ascent, he did not halt for a single instant, but plodded on out of sight, quite unconscious that Valentine was already pressing fast upon his footsteps. Nay, when he came up with him upon the noiseless mountain-turf, and touched him, George did not even so much as look behind.

"You have got what you want," exclaimed he, shaking himself free, "and you had better not mock me with more words."

"It is not the person you are thinking of, Mr. Adams," said the tutor in the grave but winning tones peculiar to him; "it is I, Valentine Blake."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake," answered the other respectfully. "I have just parted with a man upon ill terms, and I thought that you were he, and bent upon annoying me farther."

"No, indeed. He was your enemy, but I am your friend, and will prove myself to be so, if you will only trust me."

"Thank you, sir," returned the Manager dryly; "I am sure you are very kind. I hope the squire and his family are well. Mr. Bentinck, I suppose, is gone to the felling at Carel; he dearly loves the sport."

"Yes. You used to be wrestler once, yourself, did you not, Mr. Adams?"

"Years ago, sir. I have not tried a fall since—"

"Since you threw Miles Ripson in the ring at Sandalthwaite," said Valentine quietly as the other hesitated. "I have heard all about that, you know; and how he married Mary Harrison, although she was engaged to a better man; and how he treated her, and wasted her little property; and yet, with all his luck, he is but a common workman, and you are his master—although in another sense, unfortunately, he seems to be yours."

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Blake."

"Yes, you do, George. It is bad to have secrets such as compel one to tell lies. You had better be frank with me, my friend. I am one, I assure you, who can feel for an honest man, who is somehow or other obliged to favor Miles Ripson."

"It was not I who gave him his place again at the mine, Mr. Blake, which people talked about so, after what had happened with him and the wad before; it was the squire himself, or rather his lady."

"Oh, Mrs. Woodford exerted herself for him, did she?" answered Valentine thoughtfully. "I was not, however, referring to that, but to your letting him have the tool-house on the Fell."

The Manager stopped short, and staggered, as though he had received a blow.

"Great Heaven! Mr. Blake, who told you that? Has he had the insolence to boast so soon—"

"No, George," interrupted the tutor very gravely. "I should think, considering what we suppose he has in view, that it would be his interest, at least as much as yours, to conceal the matter. What indiscretion can you have committed, unhappy man, that has placed you in the power of a wretch like him—indiscretion that causes you to become his partner in a scheme of robbery?—Nay, George, it must have been *a crime*."

"No, sir, no," answered the Manager eagerly; "you need not think that; although, indeed, my punishment, if it were discovered, would be that of a criminal. Since you know so much, Mr. Blake, I will tell you all; but do not reveal my secret, unless you wish to see me dead. I could not bear that he should tell her of my disgrace; and it would wring her own heart too—yes, I do think it would—since I incurred it all for Mary's sake, and all, ah, sir, in vain." The Manager cast himself upon the ground, and hid his face for a little without speaking, while Valentine stood by regarding him with pitying eyes.

"It was long, long ago, sir; near twenty years ago, when I came up on survey in these parts, as a Sapper and Miner. I did my duty as a soldier, as I have writings to witness; but soldiering was not to my taste. When I came among the mountains hereabout, it seemed like heaven to me; and I thought if I could only live here, I should be the happiest man on earth. (I have lived here a long [illegible] found it very different:

emitted sound will be stronger than when both prongs were exposed. The actual silencing of one prong by another may thus be heard;—Sound a fork and hold it to the ear; slowly turn it round, and you will hear the sound continually die out and revive again. The points of silence are easily discovered; they are in the directions of the corners of the prongs. It is here that elevation—of the waves generated by one prong—meets depression—of the waves generated by the other prong. One kills the other and we have silence.

A Home Fernery.

BY MRS. KATY J. JACKSON.

Within a few years the delicate wood fern in all its varieties has come to be known and appreciated in our country, and in hundreds of instances it has been transferred from its native nooks in forests and by brookside, to elegant and costly "ferneries" or "Wardian cases," in city residences, where it grows and flourishes in the moist air under its dome of glass as if unconscious of any change.

Many persons both in city and country homes would gladly cultivate this beautiful plant could they afford the cases manufactured for this purpose. As I am trying the experiment of a "home-made" fernery this winter, I will write for our friends a little description of it, hoping it may be of practical use to those who are fond of window gardening.

Happening in one of our rides from the Hillside to "Maple Beach," to see by the road-side a transverse section of a hollow tree trunk, I gained possession of it and took it to our sitting-room at "Maple Beach." It is a foot high, and a foot and a half in diameter, with handsome unbroken bark. A good plank bottom was fastened to the inside, and then the hollow was filled mainly with rich leaf mold from the woods, a little good garden soil being mixed with it. Having prepared a bed, I went with my friend to a ravine above our cottage, its rocky bottom forming the bed of a stream, and its sides carpeted with rich, green mosses, ferns, liverworts, &c. Here we gathered the leafy treasures, taking great care to preserve the roots whole. We found three varieties of the fern, the purple-veined liverwort, and [illegible] little green wood plants. These we[illegible]

act, alone can tell. Perhaps he only guessed my crime, and taxed me with it at a venture; but he knows it now, and you are aware, it seems, how he uses his knowledge. You have heard my story, Mr. Blake—if I have done wrong, am I not also to be pitied?"

"Yes; certainly," said Valentine with feeling; "but I have been a soldier myself, and you must therefore not expect that I should acquit you of deceit, undutifulness, and breach of faith."

"You cannot despise me, sir, so much as I despise myself," answered the Manager humbly.

"I do not despise you, George. We all require allowances to be made for us by our fellow-creatures, and still more by the Father of us all. But would you not commit a fresh wrong, to hide the consequences of the evil already done? In permitting Miles Ripson to occupy the tool-house, are you not giving him facilities for robbing your common employer? What does that conscience say, George, of which you spoke a while ago?"

"I have no choice, sir, between that and degradation," replied the Manager slowly. "But perhaps it would be better to let him do his worst. God help me! Besides, if you have got to suspect the thing, others may do so by the same means."

"Scarcely that," replied Valentine frankly. "I took shelter within the outhouse where you and Ripson were standing, and thereby accidentally overheard your talk. If it had not been for the rain, or if even the wind had set my way, and you had chanced to smell my tobacco, I should have known nothing of all this."

"What! were you smoking, sir?" cried George, with a surprise that for the moment rapt him from his private woes. "Then you, and I, and Miles were never so near to death as we were within this hour! That outhouse contains the powder we use for blasting in the mine, and is always fast locked up on that account."

"I noticed some black specks upon the barrel on which I was sitting," said Valentine calmly; "but I took them for bits of wad. Since life has been thus lent to us, let us spend it as the Lender would have us do. For the present, since the precautions you mentioned have been taken for the security of the wad, I see no harm in letting matters remain as they are; but give me the date and place of your desertion, George."

"O, sir, what for?"

"That I may put the matter in the hands of the proper authorities.—Do not fear—or, at least, fear nothing so much as a crime unatoned for. I have some influence—or at least I have friends who have—with those who will be your judges in this matter. After so long a time, and under the peculiar circumstances, your case will, I trust, be dealt with leniently."

"Nay, sir," cried George with passion, "but this is not treating me as a gentleman should. To worm my secret out, and then betray it! Who are you, sir, who thus manage other folks affairs for them, whether they will or no? And how can I be sure that you have the wish, even if you have the power, to save me?"

Valentine Blake smiled gravely, in his gentle fashion, and leaning forward, whispered a word or two into the Manager's ear.

"If I have wormed a secret out of you," added the tutor smiling, as the other regarded him with distended eyes, and every symptom of extreme astonishment, "I have now given you one of my own in return, as earnest of my good intentions towards you: see, therefore, you keep it faithfully. Hush, hush! Not a word about it even to myself, man. It's a long story, and you shall hear it all some day, but not at present.—You will trust me now, George Adams, will you not?"

"Yes, sir, I will indeed," replied the Manager, gazing into the bearded face with reverent awe, and grasping his hand with vehemence, as though to convince himself of the reality of what he saw. "I have said that I would never believe another fellow-creature's oath again; but I do believe your word."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS: $2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (*in all respects*) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

☞ A housemaid writes to a friend respecting the fashions of the city. She says: "As for lo necs, the loer it is the more fashunabil you air drast. Mis Goodra gave me a blue silk uv hern, and I cut its nec orf, and Suzin Simmons cut off hern, and we attrax a great eal of attention to our necs, promnading in the streets lyke uther ladys, and holden up our cloz. Nobody isn't nothin' now which doesn't hole up her cloz, and the hier yu holes them the more yu air noticed."

☞ A certain fop, who was arguing with Diogenes on the immortality of the soul, asked him, "Now, where do you think I shall go after death?" "Wherever your tailor goes," was the reply.

☞ A newly-married editor has discovered that there is a deal of illusion about evening dresses.

☞ A Georgia magistrate examines the teeth of candidates for matrimony, to ascertain whether they are of age.

☞ There is a good deal of the brute in man. For example, he is generally dogmatic, often pus-illanimous and sometimes easily cow-ed; occasionally cat-egorical, and is always ready to be made a "lion" of.

☞ THE GUILLOTINE.—M. Indennerech, the executioner of Paris, has improved the guillotine and its management to such an extent that he can cut off a man's head in six seconds from the time he reaches the scaffold, if the victim is only accommodating. He is rich, but follows his profession from philanthropic motives.

☞ A man is a fool if he be curaged with an ill that he cannot remedy, or if he endures one that he can. He must bear the gout, but there is no occasion to let a fly tickle his nose.

☞ The Chicago Times explains the prevalence of divorces in that city by ascribing it to the "superiority of Chicago justice."

Ball Dress in Paris.

The prettiest woman in the room was a lady of a noble Hungarian family, fair, with that dark brown reddish hair which is just going to begin to be golden, but never shines out. I will tell you how she was dressed in my imperfect *mode* diction. Pale oval face, heavy eyebrows, bright bronze eyes. Small festoons of hair over the brow, imprisoned by a golden metal band. A rose over the left ear. Let us go round behind a "Bismark *chignon*." A mass of twisted hair, in a sort of Laocoon agony, was decorated with small insects (of course I don't mean anything impossible), glittering, gemlike beetles, from the Brazils. Three very long curls hung from the imposing mass, and could be worn before or behind, and made to perform, as I witnessed, all sorts of coquettish tricks. I learnt later from a spiteful old lady that the whole of this great art-hair triumph was stuck on in a mass, and "done in a minute." It is very beautiful, thought I, as I gazed at the lady's back; true or false, it moves the heart and pleases the imagination. Now for the dress. Well, there is nothing to describe till you get very nearly down to the waist. A pretty bit of lace on a band wanders over the shoulder; the back is bare very low down, and more of the bust is seen than even the last year's fashions permitted. Imagine an extinguisher's top cut off and placed immediately under the arms of a lady; imagine it pale green with a gold fringe. Keep on imagining, please, and picture that from the bottom of the extinguisher there spreads a most spacious white gauzy robe with a train, all *tulle illusion*—so full of small puffs, and so wide, spreading and producing in action a faint silvery rustle. How it is supported, whether by crinoline, or some new inflating material, who can ever tell? As a great philosopher has said: "The wisest know little about women." Now this is a toilette, or, as they are now called, costume, which has to be navigated about the room. The train will get into all sorts of comic positions if not properly ruddered. To bring one of these dresses safe into sofa port is a work of skill and daring.—*London Morning Post.*

The Kilkenny Cats Explained.

A review of an entertaining volume, entitled "The Book of Cats," gives the following account of the origin of the popular tradition regarding the Kilkenny cats. In the time of William the Third, the English soldiers stationed in Kilkenny used to divert themselves with cat fights. In the course of time the idea was evolved of tying the tails of a couple together, and, flinging them over a clothes line, leaving them to fight it out. This diversion gained such popularity that a great scarcity of cats ensued in the town, and measures were taken to put a stop to the slaughter. So, when information reached headquarters that two cats were fighting it out on a certain line in an out of the way room in the barracks, an officer and squad were sent to arrest the men engaged in witnessing the diversion. The culprits heard the tramp on the stairs of the approaching party. Quick as thought the windows of the room were thrown up, and the cats freed from each other by cutting off their tails. These, suspended from the line, were all that was to be seen by the intruders. "Begorra," cried one of them, as he examined the caudal remnants, "how the devils must have fought. They've just aiten each other intirely, and left naught but their tails behind them."

Change of Color in Glass.

Mr. Gaffield, a glazier of New York, has made an interesting series of experiments and observations on the effect of sunlight on glass. This effect is so marked, that ordinary persons would be astonished on being told that all glass changes color on exposure to the sun: the change can be seen from day to day by careful observation. Commonly, the original pale green color gives place to yellow or purple; and glass which contains manganese is affected throughout its entire thickness, so that after polishing off an inscription which has been years on the surface, it can still be read in the substance of the glass. Photographers who buy cheap glass for their sky-lights are subject to serious loss by the change of color, for yellow cuts off a large proportion of the sun's rays, and thus the effects they desire to produce are interfered with. On this particular, Mr. Gaffield remarks: "The most pure glasses of light green or bluish white color are the best for photographers; and when I say *pure* glasses, I mean those most free from oxide of iron or manganese, but especially of the latter, which, I think, is the cause of nearly all the changes I have observed." Any one can easily make experiments for himself by exposing pieces of glass to sunlight, and in this way can ascertain which are the manufacturers who make really pure glass.

Great Discoveries.

To find right remedies and right methods. Here is the great function of knowledge: here the life of one man may make a fresh era straight away, in which a sort of suffering that has existed shall exist no more. For the thousands of years down to the middle of the sixteenth century that human limbs had been hacked and amputated, nobody knew how to stop the bleeding except by searing the ends of the vessels with red-hot iron. But then came a man named Ambrose Pare, and said, "Tie up the arteries!" That was a fine word to utter. It contained the statement of a method—a plan by which a particular evil was forever assuaged. Let us try to discern the men whose words carry that sort of kernel, and choose such men to be our guides and representatives—not choose platform swaggerers, who bring us nothing but the ocean to make our broth with.

☞ The Californian ideas of liquor legislation are different from those prevailing in the Eastern States. Instead of enacting a prohibitory law or regulating the number of sellers of liquor by license, the Legislature proposes to enact very stringent rules for the inspection of liquors, and insure purchasers a good article.

☞ A Paris physician says that six cigars a day will shorten a man's life five years. Quilp says that for himself he doesn't care, but he never will assist in cutting short the life of a friend.

EFFORT.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true and free!

From the Commercial Path Finder, N. Y. City.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—The principle upon which this enterprising company was started was to import direct from China and Japan, and in immense quantities, all the teas they offered for sale. By thus avoiding the necessity of the various commissioners and other expenses which increase the price of teas obtained by consumers by the ordinary method, through the hands of seven or eight different grades of speculators in the article—between the tea-plantation and the teapot—and by the immensity of their purchases of whole cargoes, consigned directly to them, this useful company are enabled to supply the public, not only with unadulterated teas of the best brands, but at much lower rates than was formerly possible. That the people recognize this truth may be easily seen, by a visit to the crowded trade mart of the company, 31 and 33 Vesey street, corner of Church. Fifty per cent. is often the amount of saving resulting from purchasing the fine fresh teas imported by the Great American Tea Company.

☞ An architect proposes to build a "Bachelors' Hall," which will differ from houses in having no Eaves.

☞ The senior editor of the Boston Herald, now travelling on the continent of Europe, reports that he finds drunkenness very rare, though all the people drink wine rather more freely than water. He says Carte D'or is the great Champagne.

☞ It is thought that out of a population of 900,000 in Michigan, there are about 70,000 who are professed Christians and attend places of worship. This is the figuring of several representatives at the Christian Convention now in session.

☞ A European professor has succeeded in photographing the beating of a person's heart. What a neat thing for an absent lover to send his adored would be a carte of his palpitations on gazing upon her portrait.

☞ Julia Ward Howe, seeing in Boston the sign "Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary," expressed her surprise and skepticism, saying she did not believe there was a charitable eye or ear in the whole city.

☞ Mr. Eugene Hayward, of Para, is said to be the owner of 50,000 acres of land in Illinois, purchased by his father fifty years ago. He recently purchased 12,000 acres of land in Nebraska, at a cost of about seventy-nine cents an acre. He is only twenty-two years of age.

☞ A down South editor asks, what is prettier than a pretty foot, say number two and a half or three? After mature reflection of six hours and a half, the editor of the Wilmington Star replies, "two feet." All's well that ends well.

☞ Beecher has been overwhelmed with offerings of infants for adoption since he wrote a letter saying that he "coveted his neighbor's babies."

☞ Every man has his "weak side;" and it is very often the case that this weak side is the best part of the man.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been more active. About 8000 bbls sold at $7,25@8,25 for superfine, $8,50@9,50 for extra, $10@12 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family, $10@12,50 for Penna family, $11@13 for Ohio family, and $12@14,25 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—400 bbls sold at $8,50.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues in fair demand. Sales comprise about 25,000 bus, including choice Penna and southern red at $2,58@2,60; fair to good do at $2,40@2,50; common at $2,25@2,35; western white at $3,15@3,20, and 1000 bus of Kentucky white at $3 ℔ bus. Rye—10,000 bus sold at $1,58@1,62 for Penna. Corn—50,000 bus new Penna and Delaware yellow sold at $1,12@1,20, as to condition; 2000 bus of white at $1,18@1,20, and 26,000 bus of western mixed at $1,22@1,25 ℔ bus. Oats—Sales of 40,000 bus Penna and southern at 72@78c ℔ bus, the latter rate for light Penna.

PROVISIONS—There has been more doing; sales of 400 bbls of Pork at $20 for old and $22,50@23 for new, $20 for prime do and $18,50 for prime. Dressed Hogs sell at 9½c ℔ ℔. Bacon; sales of Hams at 15@19c; Sides at 13@14c, and Shoulders at 11½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 13½@14c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 9½@9¾c. Lard; sales of 600 tcs and bbls at 14@14½c, and kegs at 15c. Butter; sales of solid packed at 15@25c, and roll at 20@35c ℔ ℔. Cheese; sales at 15½c. Eggs sell at 20@25c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—About 1200 bales of middlings sold in lots at 19@19½c for Uplands, and 20@21c ℔ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—50 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at $45@48 ℔ ton.

BEESWAX—Small sales yellow at 40c ℔ ℔.

COAL—The market continues dull. We quote Locust Mountain lump and steamboat at $4; do broken, $4; do prepared, $4,25@4,50; Lehigh lump, steamboat and broken, $5, do prepared, $5; do chestnut, $4; Schuylkill red ash, prepared, $4,50@4,75; do chestnut, $3; white ash, broken, $3,80@4; do egg and stove, $4,25; do chestnut, $3 ℔ ton.

FEATHERS—8000 ℔s sold at 60@70c ℔ ℔.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—20,000 ℔s sold at 7@8½c ℔ ℔. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 8@8½c, and halves at 10½@11c ℔ ℔. Pared Peaches range at from 15@22c ℔ ℔. Green Apples sell at from $5 to $6 ℔ bbl.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 60@65c, and Western at 65@75c ℔ ℔.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is very little doing. Small sales of No 1 are reported at $36@37, No 2 at $34@35, and $31 to $32 for Forge.

SEEDS—About 600 bus Cloverseed sold at $8@8,75 ℔ bus for fair to prime. Timothy—400 bus sold at $2,75@3; and Flaxseed at $2,75@2,80 ℔ bus.

TALLOW—Sales are making at 11@11¼c for City rendered, and 10½@10¾c ℔ ℔ for country.

WOOL—The market has been dull. Sales of 104,000 ℔s, in lots at 55@60c for double extra; 50@52c for extra; 45@48c for fine; 42@45 for medium; 37@40c for coarse; 45@50c for tub; and 35@40c for pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized from 10@10½ cts ℔ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $30 to 75 ℔ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 5@7cts ℔ ℔. 3500 Hogs sold at from $10,50 to 11,50 ℔ 100 ℔s.

BRINGING HIM TO HIS SENSES.—A novel mode of bringing an obstinate juror to his senses, was adopted recently at Santa Cruz, California. He held out against the other eleven, who had promptly agreed upon a verdict of "Guilty." After an hour of argument with no avail, it was at last proposed that the jury should return a verdict of "Guilty, by eleven jurymen, who believed the other one to be a confederate of the prisoner and a great rascal." This ended it. The obstinate juror saw twenty vigilance committees in his mind's eye, and in five minutes the jury unanimously returned a verdict of "Guilty."

☞ A copy of the Oxford edition of the Holy Scriptures has been presented by the First Baptist Church of Augusta, to the Universalist Church of the same city, to be placed on the desk of the new edifice, about to be dedicated.

☞ Anxiety to solve conundrums is not always a good thing. Judy knows a man who got a black eye because he tried to find out the difference between a man and a woman who were fighting in the street.

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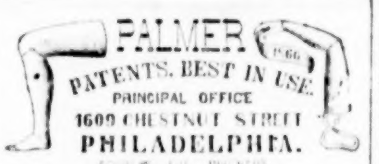

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IMPERIAL (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ ℔.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ ℔.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ ℔.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ ℔.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

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Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post office Box, 5643 New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in this paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the Club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (beside the Express charges), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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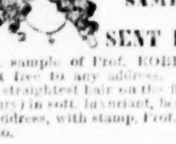

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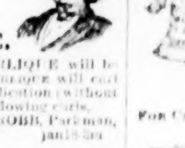

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AND

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aug24-6m

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aug30-1y

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Washington's Negro Body Servant.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY MARK TWAIN.

The stirring part of this celebrated colored man's life properly began with his death—that is to say, the notable features of his biography begin with the first time he died. He had been little heard of up to that time, but since then we have never ceased to hear of him at stated, unfailing intervals. His was a most remarkable career, and I have thought that its history would make a valuable addition to our biographical literature. Therefore, I have carefully collated the materials for such a work, from authentic sources, and here present them to the public. I have rigidly excluded from these pages everything of a doubtful character, with the object in view of introducing my work into the schools for the instruction of the youth of my country.

The name of the famous body servant of Gen. Washington was George. After serving his illustrious master faithfully for half a century, and enjoying throughout this long term his high regard and confidence, it became his sorrowful duty at last to lay that beloved master to rest in his peaceful grave by the Potomac. Ten years afterward—in 1809—full of years and honors, he died himself, mourned by all who knew him. The Boston Gazette of that date thus refers to the event:—

"George, the favorite body servant of the lamented Washington, died in Richmond, Va., last Tuesday, at the ripe age of 95 years. His intellect was unimpaired, and his memory tenacious, up to within a few minutes of his decease. He was present at the second installation of Washington as President, and also at his funeral, and distinctly remembered all the prominent incidents connected with those noted events."

From this period we hear no more of the favorite body servant of Gen. Washington until May, 1825, at which time he died again. A Philadelphia paper thus speaks of the sad occurrence:—

"At Macon, Ga., last week, a colored man named George, who was the favorite body servant of Gen. Washington, died, at the advanced age of ninety-five years. Up to within a few hours of his dissolution he was in full possession of all his faculties, and could distinctly recollect the second installation of Washington, his death and burial, the surrender of Cornwallis, the battle of Trenton, the griefs and hardships of Valley Forge, etc. Deceased was followed to the grave by the entire population of Macon."

On the Fourth of July, 1830, and also of 1834 and 1836, the subject of this sketch was exhibited in great state upon the rostrum of the orator of the day, and in November of 1840, he died again. The St. Louis Republican of the 25th of that month spoke as follows:—

"ANOTHER RELIC OF THE REVOLUTION GONE.—George, once the favorite body-servant of Gen. Washington, died yesterday at the house of Mr. John Leavenworth, in this city, at the venerable age of 95 years. He was in the full possession of his faculties up to the hour of his death, and distinctly recollected the first and second installations and death of President Washington, the surrender of Cornwallis, the battles of Trenton and Monmouth, the sufferings of the patriot army at Valley Forge, the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence, the speech of Patrick Henry in the Virginia House of Delegates, and many other old-time reminiscences of stirring interest. Few white men die lamented as was this aged negro. The funeral was very largely attended."

During the next ten or eleven years the subject of this sketch appeared at intervals at Fourth of July celebrations in various parts of the country, and was exhibited upon the rostrum with flattering success. But in the Fall of 1855 he died again. The California papers thus speak of the event:—

"ANOTHER OLD HERO GONE.—Died, at Dutch Flat, on the 7th of March, George (once the confidential body servant of Gen. Washington), at the great age of 95 years. His memory, which did not fail him till the last, was a wonderful storehouse of interesting reminiscences. He could distinctly recollect the first and second installations and death of President Washington, the surrender of Cornwallis, the battles of Trenton and Monmouth, and Bunker Hill, the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence, and Braddock's defeat. George was greatly respected in Dutch Flat, and it is estimated that there were 10,000 people present at his funeral."

The last time the subject of this sketch died, was in June, 1864; and until we learn the contrary, it is just to presume that he died permanently this time. The Michigan papers thus refer to the sorrowful event:—

"ANOTHER CHERISHED REMNANT OF THE REVOLUTION GONE.—Alcorge, a colored man, and once the favorite body servant of Gen. Washington, died in Detroit last week at the patriarchal age of 95 years. To the moment of his death his intellect was unclouded, and he could distinctly remember the first and second installations and death of Washington, the surrender of Cornwallis, the battles of Trenton and Monmouth, and Bunker Hill, the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence, Braddock's defeat, the throwing over of the tea in Boston harbor, and the landing of the Pilgrims. He died greatly respected, and was followed to the grave by a vast concourse of people."

The faithful old servant is gone! We shall never see him more, until he turns up again. He has closed his long and splendid career of dissolution for the present, and sleeps peacefully, as only they sleep who have earned their rest. He was in all respects a remarkable man. He held his age better than any celebrity that has figured in history; and the longer he lived the stronger and longer his memory grew. If he lives to die again, he will distinctly recollect the discovery of America.

The above resume of his biography I believe to be substantially correct, although it is possible that he may have died once or twice in obscure places where the event failed of newspaper notoriety. One fault I find in all notices of his death which I have quoted, and this ought to be corrected. In them he uniformly and impartially died at the age of 95. This could not have been. He might have done that once, or maybe twice, but he could not have continued it indefinitely. Allowing that when he first died, he died at the age of 95, he was 151 years old when he died last, in 1864. But his age did not keep pace with his recollections. When he died the last time, he distinctly remembered the landing of the Pilgrims, which took place in 1620. He must have been about twenty years old when he witnessed that event; wherefore it is safe to assert that the body servant of Gen. Washington was in the neighborhood of two hundred and sixty or seventy years old when he departed this life finally.

Having waited a proper length of time, to see if the subject of this sketch had gone from us reliably and irrevocably, I now publish his biography with confidence, and respectfully offer it to a mourning nation.

P. S.—I see by the papers that this infamous old fraud has just died again, in Arkansas. This makes six times that he is known to have died, and always in a new place. The death of Washington's body-servant has ceased to be a novelty; its charm is gone; the people are tired of it; let it cease. This well-meaning but misguided negro has now put six different communities to the expense of burying him in state, and has swindled tens of thousands of people into following him to the grave under the delusion that a select and peculiar distinction was being conferred upon them. Let him stay buried for good now; and let that newspaper suffer the severest censure that shall ever, in all future time, publish to the world that Gen. Washington's favorite colored body-servant has died again.

"HER VOICE WAS EVER SOFT AND LOW," &c., &c.

MISTRESS.—"Jones! *Jones!!* Do you *hear* me?"

JONES (from below—he does not yet know the voices of the house).—"Yes, sir!"

[Jones leaves at the end of the month.

"I've Done the Same Thing Often."

A Mr. John Smith, who is described, evidently not without reason, as a "fast" talker, gave the following description of the blowing up of a steamboat on the Mississippi:—

"I had landed at Helena for a minute to drop some letters into the post-office, when all of a sudden I heard a tremendous explosion, and, looking up, saw that the sky was for a minute darkened with arms, legs, and other small bits and pieces of my fellow travellers. Amongst an uncommonly ugly medley, I spied the second clerk, about one hundred and fifty feet above my own level. I recognized him at once, for ten minutes before I had been sucking a sherry cobbler with him out of the same tumbler. Well, I watched him. He came down through the roof of a shoemaker's shop, and landed on the floor close by the shoemaker, who was at work. The clerk, being in a hurry, jumped up to go to the assistance of the other sufferers, when the 'man of wax' demanded five hundred dollars for the damage done to his roof. 'Too high,' replied the clerk, 'never paid more than two hundred and fifty dollars in my life, *and I've done the same thing often.*'"

☞ Josh Billings says:—The best cure I know of for tite boots is small feet.

☞ He that can travel well afoot keeps a good horse.

Courtesy.

Among the many striking romances in which the heroes of King Arthur's "Round Table" figure, few are so beautiful as the adventure of Sir Gawain, the Knight of Courtesy, as he was styled, and the enchanted lady whom he was compelled to wed. King Arthur made a solemn vow to a hideous old woman, whom he met in the forest, to give her, in exchange for an important secret she confided to him, one of the knights of his court in marriage; but on proposing to the gallant cavaliers that one of them should wed the fearful creature, all of them refused. The King would have thereupon forfeited not only his word, but his whole kingdom to the hag, when his nephew, the brave Sir Gawain, who was notable among all the knights for gentleness and courtesy, volunteered to save the monarch's credit and estates by taking the dreadful creature to wife. Sir Gawain bore the scoffs and jeers of his comrades manfully, and the marriage was solemnized with great pomp and splendor, the ladies of the court pitying Sir Gawain, the knights laughing at him, and the King looking on with grief. After the nuptials, Sir Gawain took his loathsome bride home. She would have had him caress her, but he shuddered at any contact, and could not bear to give her even one kiss. She demanded the reason for his aversion, and he told her it was because of "her old age, her ugliness and her low degree." To this she answered him that "with age she had discretion; that her ugliness would save him from rivals, and that true nobility depended, not on the birth, but the character of the individual." Moved by these arguments, and her tears, Sir Gawain resolved to try and bear with her, and, of his own accord, drew her to his breast and kissed her ugly lips. Then, behold! in an instant she was transformed into a surpassingly lovely damsel; and she told him that she had been the victim of an enchantment which could not be removed but by the kiss of a true and noble man, and that she had languished in misery for years, until he had thus broken the spell.

This is merely a story, but it beautifully illustrates the power of true Christian courtesy. Nothing so quickly brings out all that is lovely and loveable in character as kind, courteous treatment. It makes the heart glow with the best sentiments, and fills the face with their shining. Courtesy calls forth courtly qualities in other souls, and tends to make them what we treat them. If you would have your companions true, noble, good, let your manners towards them show that you think they are so, and they will become what you wish them to be. So your courtesy will disenchant the enchanted and transform the ugly hag into the lovely lady.

AGRICULTURAL.

Judging Horses by Appearances.

I offer the following suggestions, the result of my close observation and long experience. If the color be light sorrel or chestnut, his feet, legs and face white—these are marks of kindness. If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended on as a horse for being trained to anything; as respects such horses, the more kindly you treat them the better you will be treated in return. Nor will a horse of this description stand a whip if well fed. If you want a safe horse, avoid one that is dish faced. He may be so far gentle as not to scare, but he will have too much go ahead in him to be safe with everybody. If you want a fool, but a horse of great bottom, get a deep bay with not a white hair about him. If his face is a little dished so much the worse. Let no man ride such a horse that is not an expert rider; they are always tricky and unsafe. If you want one that will never give out, never buy a large overgrown one. A black horse cannot stand the heat, nor a white one cold. If you want a gentle horse, get one with more or less white about the head, the more the better. Selections thus made are of great docility and gentleness.—*Ex.*

Culture of Fish.

In spite of all that has been written on the propagation of fish, few persons are aware how systematically the business is carried on, or its great value. It is reported that in 1863 there were carried to London market alone nearly four million pounds of salmon worth a million of dollars. These fish are furnished from the rivers of Ireland, England and Scotland. The fishing rental of the river Tay for the year 1864 was seventy-five thousand dollars in gold. Scientific breeding and raising of fish have increased very much since that time. The propagation of the oyster has been carried to a great extent in this country. Every village and city in the country is supplied with them. It must require many millions of oysters a year to do it. In France the oyster culture is carried on to an extent absolutely astonishing. Thus the sea, the rivers, lakes and ponds can be made to furnish a vast amount of wholesome food to meet the wants of man. We hope and believe the time is not far distant when our rivers and lakes will be stocked with fish. They are often now only useless wastes. Massachusetts and New Hampshire are initiating experiments on the subject, and if found to succeed, it will be well for us in Maine to see what can be done towards stocking our waters.—*Maine Farmer.*

The Last Milk from the Udder.

Dr. Anderson, in "Dickerson's Practical Agriculture," says he has found by practical analysis, in one instance, that the last cup of milk drawn from the cow's udder contained sixteen times as much cream as the first one. The separation of cream from milk takes place in part in the udder of the cow, particularly if the cow is suffered to stand at rest for some time previous to milking. If there are people who doubt that there is a difference in the richness of milk first drawn from cows and that last drawn, their doubts will be speedily removed by milking a half-dozen cows and setting the first half drawn from each cow separate from the last half.

Japan Clover.

The Aiken Press, Ga., gives an account of the plant, Japan clover, which has found its way mysteriously into the middle regions of Georgia and South Carolina. It is ascertained to be a native of China and Japan, but by what means it was conveyed to the region in question is yet unexplained. The Press is of the opinion that this clover will prove of vast importance to the planters of the South, in the renovation of the soil so much exhausted by continuous cotton cropping. The plant is perennial, and supplies excellent pasturage for stock, and a rich mass for turning under on cultivated ground.

Items.

—Weeding potatoes with sheep is recommended. They eat down the weeds, and will not touch the potato vines. Where there is unavoidable delay in hoeing, this practice is a good one, as it prevents weeds seeding as well as choking the growth of plants. It is practised considerably in potato growing sections.

—A correspondent of the Rural American recommends the following as a cure for lice on cattle:—Take 12 or more good sized Irish potatoes, pound them fine, then put them into two gallons and a half of water, boil thoroughly, then let it cool, and apply as a wash, to cows, calves, mares and colts, and all other creatures that have lice.

—Apples keep best when cool and dry. Sudden changes of temperature induce the collection of moisture on the skin, which dissolves the delicate varnish with which the skin of the apple is covered, and it soon decays.

—The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle says cotton is no longer a remunerative crop, and insists that the cotton planters of Georgia should set about at once the preparation of at least one-fourth of their best land for wheat.

—A correspondent of the Georgia Southern Cultivator, after speaking of the expectation of high wages last spring and of the apparent scarcity of labor at that time, says now the tables are turned. Labor is no longer scarce. The negro instead of being sought, now seeks employment. He has tried the share system and likes that best. As to wages he says:—"In Middle Georgia, we can afford to pay good men $6 per month, and board. In Southwest Georgia, our *planter*, if not played out, may be able to give them $8 per month. Women and boys should not be worth over $4 or $5 per month."

RECEIPTS.

HOW TO MAKE COLESLAW.—This is a common dish enough, but to make it in the best manner is not at all common. Here is our formula, the result of which we can recommend as delicious.—*Ed. Post.*

Cut up the cabbage very fine with a sharp knife, and sprinkle over it a salt-spoon of salt. For a large dish—say a quart of cut cabbage—use two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, half a teacup of water, and half a teacup of good vinegar. Beat the eggs (whites and yelks) together very light—add the water, vinegar and butter, and put all in a clean tin on the fire, stirring all the time until it is of a creamy thickness. Pour it hot over the cabbage, stir up well with a fork, and leave to cool.

MINCEMEAT.—Six pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins stoned, three pounds of apples chopped fine, four pounds of suet, two pounds of sugar, two pounds of beef, the peel and juice of two lemons, a pint of sweet wine, a quarter of a pint of brandy, half an ounce of mixed spice. Press the whole into a deep pan when well mixed.

BRAN TEA.—A useful drink in colds, fevers, and restlessness from pains. Put a handful of bran in a pint and a half of cold water, let it boil rather more than half an hour, then strain it, and, if desired, flavor with sugar and lemon juice; but it is a pleasant drink without any addition.

COMMON CRULLERS OR TWIST CAKES.—Mix well together half a pint of sour milk, or buttermilk, two teacupfuls of sugar, one teacupful of butter and three eggs, well beaten; add to this a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in hot water, a teaspoonful of salt, half a nutmeg grated, and a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon; sift in flour enough to make a smooth dough; roll it out not quite a quarter of an inch thick; cut in small oblong pieces; divide one end in three or four parts like fingers, and twist or plait them over each other. Fry them in boiling lard. These cakes may be cut in strips, and the ends joined, to make a ring, or in any other shape.

MEAT PIE WITH POTATO CRUST.—Cut beef or mutton into large pieces, and season them with pepper, salt, and a finely shred onion; boil and mash potatoes with milk, so as to form the crust, with which line a buttered dish; then put in the meat with a teacupful of water, lay the crust thickly over the meat, and bake about an hour and a half.

SHEEP SKINS FOR MATS.—Steep the skins in water, and wash them well till they are soft and clean; they are then scraped and thinned on the flesh side with the fleshing knife, and laid in fermented bran for a few days, after which they are taken out and washed; a solution of salt and alum is then made, and the flesh side repeatedly and well rubbed with it, until it appears well bleached; after which make a paste to the consistency of honey, of the alum and salt solution, by adding wheaten flour and the yolks of eggs, and spread this paste on the flesh side; after this they are stretched and dried, and when dry, rubbed with pumice-stone.

THE RIDDLER.

Historical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One of Napoleon's generals.
An ancient Celtic bard.
A Grecian hero.
A mighty hunter.
A celebrated Roman commander.
An unfortunate Roman general.
A noble Grecian.
A high priest in Israel.
A mighty conqueror.
One of the seven wise men of Greece.
One who was said to be fleet of foot as the wild roe.
One of Rome's emperors.
One who doubted.

The initials form the name of a beautiful town in Western Pennsylvania.

W. H. MORROW.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in fast, but not in slow.
My second is in tall, but not in low.
My third is in cake, but not in bread.
My fourth is in stall, but not in shed.
My fifth is in oak, but not in pine.
My sixth is in rope, but not in twine.
My seventh is in dry, but not in wet.
My eighth is in vie, but not in let.
My ninth is in ice, but not in snow.
My tenth is in lad, but not in beau.
My eleventh is in girl, but not in boy.
My twelfth is in knife, but not in toy.

My whole is the name of a pleasant village in Pennsylvania.

E. CLARK.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A boy puts his hand into a bag containing 20 marbles, and takes out a number of them at random. Required—the probability that he takes out 7 marbles.

ARTEMUS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a circular field which contains 25 acres. A takes his station in the centre and B on the outer circumference due east from him—both start to walk at the same time in the following manner: A walks due east 100 yards, then north 100 yards, then west 200 yards, then south 200 yards, then east 200 yards, then north 100 yards, then to the centre of the field, then north to the circumference, where he meets B, who has just arrived at that spot; he travels at the rate of 5 miles per hour. Required—the rate of speed that B travelled.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Which is the business that would "soot" anybody? Ans.—Chimney sweeping.

☞ When are skipping lambs like library volumes? Ans.—When they are boundin' sheep.

☞ Why is bad music like a violent exertion of the limbs and muscles? Ans.—Because it is an unwelcome strain.

☞ Why is a boot-black like the sun? Ans.—Because he shines for all.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious, o'er all ills o' life victorious." METAGRAM—Seat, peat, seal.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Nov. 16th—The first discharge 1001 cubic feet, the second discharge 440 cubic feet. W. H. Morrow.

Answer to F. M. Priest's PROBLEM of same date—60 rods and 13 feet. F. M. Priest. Each side of the equilateral triangle is 5605685x rods. B. F. Kennedy.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Nov. 23d—7 miles. W. H. Morrow, R. L. Hallet and W. H. Sands.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Nov. 30th—243 and 3. W. H. Morrow, V. W. Heath, F. M. Priest and Melville.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Dec. 7th—£25 and £16. W. H. Morrow, F. M. Priest and Melville.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Dec. 14th—17,239656 and 10,254461 miles very nearly. E. P. Norton.

Clip Him.

King, a learned teacher of a Sunday school in the north of England, was one day endeavoring to prove to his pupils the existence of a Supreme Being, as illustrated by the peculiar adaptation of the structure of every animal to the country and climate it was destined to inhabit. After lecturing for some time upon this subject, he exclaimed, with much eloquence, "But why go to the pole, or to the burning plains of Africa, for examples to prove this important subject? Is not man himself an excellent example of the power and wisdom of the Divine hand? Had he been born with a fleece upon his back, it is true he might have been comforted by its warmth in the icy regions of the North; but what would have become of him in the tropical countries, or under the equator?" One of the pupils, thinking the last question especially directed to himself, answered, with evident simplicity, "They could clip him."

☞ Bismarck met his barber at Baden-Baden, and affably spoke to him. The barber gave himself airs, and complained of the mixed society at Baden-Baden. The Count gave him a happy *quid pro quo*, by remarking, "Well, C——, we cannot all be barbers, you know."